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Editors' Shop Talk

Aftermath of an Antioch Review Author. Almost exactly a year ago we published "A Pail of Oysters" by Vern Sneider. It was his first published story—a moving, informed tale about a young native on Taiwan (Formosa), and an exciting melodrama to boot.

Author Sneider commanded a platoon of combat scouts in the Pacific war; trained briefly at Princeton for work on Taiwan; served in 1945 as area supervisor of a village on Okinawa; and later was assigned the job of education and welfare in the Korean province of which Seoul is the capital. With a group of Chinese he planned, postwar, to build and operate a fishing fleet and a group of food processing plants in the Pescadores Islands. But conditions were "too chaotic," he says. By 1947 he was home (Monroe, Mich.), determined to write, trying "to bring the desperate plight of Asia to light, through fiction." His apprenticeship took about three years, but very possibly that period would have been shortened if Americans had been more interested in Oriental themes. (For that matter, we've wondered whether we would immediately have accepted "A Pail of Oysters" had it arrived *before* the outbreak of the Korean war.)

The short story impressed a number of book publishers. Last May G. P. Putnam's Sons published Sneider's *The Teahouse of the August Moon,* a satire on certain aspects of the American occupation of Okinawa. The reviews and the popular reception were generally favorable though there was some resistance among the "highest" intellectual circles to the plot and the level of humor: the hero, Captain Jeff Fishby, is definitely lower middle class, and the satire is directed against "do-gooder" planning and in favor of a kind of grubby, day-to-day democratic know-how.

To date *The Teahouse* has sold over 7,000 copies—an excellent record for a first novel in these times. It will be published in England by Macmillan (minus references to American football and farming). After some preliminary skirmishing on Broadway, a three-year option on all dramatic rights was sold to Maurice Evans; whether it appears as a farce, a straight play, a play with music or an out-and-out musical, is up to him. The book was tentatively tapped for the movies and for television, but neither development is possible until Evans employs his rights or releases them.

About all this Author Sneider attempts to be philosophical, but he is disturbed that some people think *The Teahouse* only a piece of foolery. His next novel will be a development of the theme in "A Pail of Oysters." Currently, though, he hopes to sign up with the economic mission to Formosa; this is better, he thinks, than "merely standing around to observe."

* * *

More. One of our editors saw a ready-made suggestion for a book in Martin Gardner's "The Hermit Scientist" (last winter's issue). Gardner has just signed a contract for the book with Simon and Schuster.

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Some Observations on Social Science Research[1]

By DAVID RIESMAN

EVERY WORK of social science today establishes itself on a scale whose two ends are "theory" and "data": that is, the great theoretical structures by which we attempt to understand our age at one end, and the relatively minuscule experiments and data which we collect as practicing social scientists at the other. In between are smaller schemes of generalization as well as larger and less precise observations. The relationship of the two ends of the scale to each other has never been completely clear, and all efforts simply to resolve the problem by comparisons with the natural sciences, or by drastic rejections of one or the other end of the scale, have failed to achieve general acceptance. Social scientists in pursuit of professionalization of their craft and of status as "scientists" are disturbed by this state of affairs, and are hopeful that, if not now, then soon the theory-data tension can be reconciled by some "operational" formula, and that there will then be no doubt as to what is social science. In this paper, I propose to indicate some reasons for skepticism as to these hopes, and some reasons for thinking that the tension is a productive one in the present state of the art, one we might as well enjoy.

To be sure, some deny there is any problem of reconciliation by arguing that only experiments and data are science while all the rest, though it may be produced by people who call themselves social scientists, is art or polemics, journalism or whatnot. Still others escape the problem

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[1]In collaboration with Nathan Glazer.

To say of DAVID RIESMAN, author of *The Lonely Crowd,* that he is one of our most stimulating thinkers in the social sciences may in these days, as he makes clear in this essay, seem ambiguous. To explain: we mean it as the very highest praise. Before 1946, Mr. Riesman taught and practiced law. Since then he has been Professor of the Social Sciences in the College of the University of Chicago. A new book of his, a sequel to *The Lonely Crowd,* will be published in the spring. At present he is working on a volume about Thorstein Veblen.

of reconciliation by the opposite denial: they reject as pettyfogging make-work the meticulous technical operations of social science, and they use the club of late great essayistic thinkers to beat live field-workers into humiliation. Their trade-mark: did it take all this foundation money and all these IBM machines to tell us this, which Toqueville already knew a hundred years ago!

What is today the most influential group of social scientists espouses neither of these extreme polarities. Rather, it hopes that the large visions of the "fathers"—of such thinkers as Marx, Simmel, Durkheim, Weber, Freud—can be broken down into smaller-scale parcels that could be subjected to empirical verification by contemporary researchers. In this way, it is thought, we should eventually be able to work our way from research projects testing rather small bits of generalization to large theoretical structures, no less illuminating than those of the past, but in their relation to data more closely parallel to the theories of natural science.[2] As yet, the hope that one can thus ascend from the twigs of research projects to the main trunk of social science theory remains only a hope—though one pursued with ingenuity and devotion by some of the most competent and gifted workers.

II

The sharpness of the polarity between theory and data varies with the age: we live in a third period, succeeding one in which theory reigned supreme, and another, data. Since the gospel of data is connected by personal, if not by inevitable intellectual ties to the concept of a value-free social science, its supremacy has fallen with the present self-consciousness of social scientists concerning values, and their desire to be useful in the formation of public policy; if we had to set a date for this development, we could set it in 1939, when World War II began and when Robert Lynd published his influential *Knowledge for What?* In this third period, each side in the theory-data conflict has strong defenders

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[2]It goes without saying that the "natural science" that thus serves as a model is itself often a mirage: not natural science as it is actually practiced by its best contemporaries, but an ideology often based on Newtonian models.

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and the issue is joined with an exigent sense of mission. Moreover, it is part of the conflict that ambitious philosophies of history, past and present, should be sent tumbling down before some inconvenient facts energetically marshalled by the "data"-wing. But it is no less a mark of the intellectual history of our age that new philosophers of history, reacting against the slavery to fact of most contemporary historians and many contemporary social scientists, should be constantly exasperated by the paucity of data and tempted to stretch their theories over larger ground than those data allow. And in its turn this recrudescent temerity, especially when as with Toynbee it attracts a large lay audience, distresses many of the workers who prefer the data end of the scale, and then seek to arm themselves with still more data, first, to demolish the new philosophy of history, and, second, to build the pile of data high enough to compete with it.

In this climate of opinion, the theorist—and I speak here of the scholar who theorizes, who tries to pull together many facts in a large scheme of understanding, not of the person who is concerned with the problem of theory as a methodological specialty—can hope, at best, to be considered "stimulating," but irrelevant to the main course of social science. His "intuitions," as they are half-enviously, half-patronizingly, called, if they are not exploded out of hand by facts, may be considered worthy of processing by other social scientists—we have thus arrived at the strange position where the most seminal works in the social sciences, if they were published today, would probably be denounced in many professional quarters as sheer talk, though talk which might, under a particularly broad-minded thesis committee, be considered as a quarry for graduate students seeking a topic. That is, works of the type that in the past were most significant for the development of social science would today be considered, charitably, as plausible and interesting, but not as starting points for serious intellectual discussion among social scientists trying to evaluate their meaning and value and even validity.

It is argued, of course, that with the rise of empirical techniques social science has outgrown the need to rely on the type of "impressionistic" work of its early formative years. And we cannot dismiss this view as sheer error, for contrary to what many of the "theory"-wing suppose, these techniques have an unexampled richness and promise. Any kind of formal use of interviews, for instance, was not known in the social sciences

even thirty years ago; the projective psychological tests are for the most part still younger; the formal, systematic effort at controlled observation that we find in the community survey or the professional ethnographic monograph is less than sixty years old, and in this period works in this genre have become increasingly more precise and many-skilled in method. In their general form and in their possibilities for technical validation and for mathematical treatment, these methods suggest a new vision of social science: superseding social science as an only moderately specialized development out of history and common observation, the goal now looms of a systematically organized body of observation and strict generalization as taut and impressive as the structure of natural science. In my judgment, attainment of the goal is still a long way off, for reasons that I shall come to in a moment; but the impatience of those to whom the goal seems close at hand, with any social science enterprise which does not appear to move directly towards it, is understandable.

Indeed, there is one problem which no amount of improvement in research methods will ever permit us to overcome, namely the limitation of our knowledge of the past imposed by the unfortunate fact that we cannot interview or test the dead. Historiography and archeology can do remarkable jobs of reconstruction, but they can seldom satisfy the ambitious social scientist in search of quantitative comparisons—a point well made in Paul Lazarsfeld's presidential address to the American Association for Public Opinion Research on "The Obligation of the 1950 Pollster to the 1984 Historian." Thus, if we are comparing, let us say, religious affects today with those of a generation ago, there is no need to be markedly more precise at the near than at the far end. Frequently the consequence is, however, that social scientists bemused by the richness of contemporary method confine their studies to the contemporary scene. And they do so not only when they deal with preliterate cultures where historical materials are scanty (though, if one is not perfectionist, less scanty than sometimes supposed), but also when they deal with civilizations where historical materials are abundant but frustrating. Yet it hardly needs argument in these pages that we cannot assay the weight of any prevailing pattern of attitudes and institutions without appreciating their historical development, and that if we do not study permanence and change in a time dimension we might as well surrender altogether the effort to understand society.

This, then, is the dilemma created by the development of our new tools: that they suggest to us a strict form of social science, in which every generalization refers directly or by a process of unassailable deduction to objectively available bodies of data—these generalizations being as meaningful, useful, and interesting as those of natural science; but for the present—possibly, indeed, for the foreseeable future—such generalizations are impoverished and hobbled by these self-same scientific forms, and consequently social science becomes less interesting, meaningful, and useful—as far as permitting us to understand a sequence of development goes—and less attractive altogether as an intellectual enterprise.

III

In the present state of controversy, there is tremendous pressure on students of social science (including especially sociology, social anthropology, psychology, and political science) to take sides either in the "theory" or in the "data" camp; this is easy to observe at such an institution as my own, the University of Chicago, or at Columbia, where both camps are well-armed but hungry for more arms, and where both can call on the support of a great tradition. When these students in their own research discover the really extraordinary difficulties of linking any important generalization to measurable data, and thereby closing the gap between the camps, they are apt to conclude, not that there is something wrong with the warfare, but that they are themselves lacking in what it takes to be warriors. The students would be much better off if they could take a stand against taking a stand: if they could realize that the dilemma is at present irresolvable, and nobody's "fault," and accept it as such; that it makes no sense, on the one hand, to reject the new techniques as grubby and inartistic, or, on the other hand, to discard the humanly valuable essence of social science: its power, as seen in the impact of certain great works in the past, to illuminate and describe in some larger framework the experienced details of social life.

Yet I know how difficult it is to convince anyone that one has not, even surreptitiously, taken a stand for "data" or for "theory." Margaret Mead can publish Samoan house-descriptions and genealogies, or cooperate in a wartime study of food habits using the most advanced tech-

niques, and still be dismissed by many professional colleagues as "intuitive," or belabored by the even more fearsome term "insightful." The late W. I. Thomas would today perhaps be startled to see his work viewed as a storehouse of social-psychological theory, when his own much greater preoccupation was with the facts and forms of social reportage. On a much smaller scale, I find similar misunderstanding of my own teaching and writing. *The Lonely Crowd,* which lies towards the theory end of the scale, aroused misplaced enthusiasm from some historians and humanists because of its lack of graphs and tables, and perhaps misplaced animadversions from some social scientists who viewed it as more biased towards the "theory" end than was intended. For the book is full of data, mainly but not entirely in the traditional form of observation from everyday life: I speak there of movies, comic books, magazines; of progressive schools and traditional schools; of the way parents think of children, and vice versa; of the way executives think of workers, and vice versa. Many humanists fail to realize that such data require supporting data, and a more formal and systematic effort to demonstrate that what they and the author refer to as matters of common knowledge are really so. Conversely, many social scientists, prematurely dazzled by the new techniques, fail to realize how far we still are from being able to prove what we "know" by them.

To put matters another way, I do not believe that one is surrendering the strict demands of science to a human but unscientific desire for understanding if one accepts the theory-data dilemma and works within its limitations, while recognizing that at some future date those limitations will greatly change. For science itself arises out of the desire to explain, to understand: the technical operations are subsidiary to this. If the natural sciences did not satisfy this desire by real accomplishments, it is unlikely that they would enlist creative minds to serve the hard discipline of the techniques—though as a paying and going concern they can enlist many unadventurous minds drawn by motivations other than those of the pioneers. So, too, social scientists who insist that we must serve the machines and the techniques regardless of the quality of understanding that emerges from that service—for that service alone is real science—fail to appreciate not only the history of science in general but also that social science is still too untried to enlist and retain large-scale support without large-scale accomplishment.

Undoubtedly, science requires sacrifices of its accolytes, but the nature of those sacrifices differs with the age. By and large, American social science no longer requires of its personnel the humiliation, poverty, lack of recognition that were the fate of Marx, Comte, Freud, and, to a degree, of Sumner, Sorel, Veblen. But field-work is still arduous and heart-breaking, research still filled with disappointments, blind alleys, and want of adequate resources.[3] It is a sacrifice of vanity to realize that one will never even approximate the glorious achievements of the fathers, not perhaps live to see the edifice constructed by the technical adeptness of the great-grandsons. It is a sacrifice of impatience to be charitable both to one's work and that of others when this work has the status of "pilot projects," as social scientists overoptimistically dub most of their present enterprises—overoptimistically, because they assume that there will soon be a whole plant engaged in the production of results. In this situation, the claim that we should make the sacrifices of scientific work without the hope of gaining a better understanding of society—indeed while ridiculing whatever understanding is achieved, for instance by novelists, without training and technique—is to make vain demands on our willingness to wait for "production miracles."

I am quite aware that this formulation does not solve the question of how we know that an understanding not established directly or by strict reasoning on a sufficient volume of empirical data is a true understanding. I don't propose to unravel this epistemological mystery here: it is enough to observe that the acceptance of the position that only the generalizations founded on irrefutable data are true leaves us to conclude that all understanding of society (other than in economics, the social science with the greatest achievements to its credit) established up till now is pure illusion; and that all sociology is simply hypothesis awaiting proof, for I believe it can be shown that with rare exceptions even the most up-to-date data support the most up-to-date generalization only as example, not as proof in any (even probability-theory) scientific sense.

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[3]The scientific workers in the field of "culture and personality" must endure a particular kind of sacrifice, namely to have to live with heightened self-consciousness of all personal relations and cultural phenomena, making it hard for them to separate their professional work from the rest of their lives. Cf. my article, "Some Problems of a Course in 'Culture and Personality'," *Journal of General Education:* V (1951), 122-136.

Yet at the same time, only a data-extremist would insist that the study of Weber, Durkheim, Simmel and other great turn-of-the-century founders is irrelevant to our understanding of social processes: some light emerges.

And the reason for this is that we are ourselves men living in society; and, as the saying goes, we were not born yesterday. Many social scientists, worried about bias and struck by what natural scientists have achieved in studying stars and atoms, being neither one nor the other, feel that when they approach work in their field they should cultivate a complete skepticism, at least until the not far distant day when theories will be buttressed at every point by data; ironically, this wanton innocence is itself the cultural product of some of the very thinkers whose writings they would reject as unscientific. Natural science deserves tremendous credit for having achieved so much when so inevitably distant from its objects; social scientists, rather than trying to impose on themselves similar handicaps, should take full advantage of the fact that they are themselves part of their universe of study, and heirs to a long and not utterly noncumulative tradition of thinking about man.[4]

IV

Doubtless, more social scientists will agree that the problem is to proceed from one end of the theory-data scale to the other, so as to encompass a suitable combination of thought and fact, than will agree on which end should be taken as the starting-point. My own belief, already indicated, is that there is no "right" end, no royal road, but that one can fruitfully begin at either end, or anywhere between. One must be willing to take seriously theories which are not established, and even theories which are, in some formal sense, "refuted," when they offer a real illumi-

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[4]Crane Brinton, in *Ideas and Men*, sees social science as largely noncumulative—having to be learned over again for each worker and each generation—while natural science is largely cumulative. And there can be no doubt that the truths of social interaction—of psychoanalysis, let us say—have to be experienced by each individual before he can make important use of them in research; yet there is a cumulative tradition which makes it possible to learn noncumulative truths, helping new field workers, for example, to face the ineluctable hardships of their initiation.

nation and insight, which will undoubtedly turn out to be a partial illumination. Thus, it makes not very fruitful use of Weber's book on the Protestant ethic to ask whether it is true or false. To be sure, the book evoked a whole historiography of disproof, but the book still helps us understand our world and our place in it. Certainly, no theory can have this success if it is in plain opposition to many facts, for the theory itself is an effort to explain and order facts; yet agreement with some large and crucial facts may be more important than contradiction by them in details.

At the same time, social scientists should be more willing than many of the ablest are, to begin at the "data" end of the scale, though without the illusion that they can move immediately therefrom to the grist of theory. Our obsession with our image of the natural sciences tends to make us think of data as only verification, as supporting a theory or destroying it. Yet the value of data as simple reporting on the quality and details of social life has been a most significant part of social science: Booth's *Life and Labour of the People in London,* Thomas and Znaniecki's *The Polish Peasant in Europe and America,* the Lynds' *Middletown* volumes, the Allison Davis and John Dollard studies of the Deep South, and many other works that present full pictures of some social phenomenon, partake of many of the qualities of good reporting. The theoretical schemes which the reporting supports usually seem less and less important with the passage of time: the data remain valuable and stimulating, and as useful in support of the theoretical schemes of the future as of those of the original authors.[5] Important branches of social science are even more clearly reporting rather than theory: this has been true, at least until

[5]In the middle '30's a type of reporting developed which had much in common with social science: in those days, reporters took to crossing the country and asking questions of various people they ran into (James Rorty, Benjamin Appel, John Dos Passos, Samuel Grafton, and others), presenting pictures which can support a number of different interpretations. At the same time, *Fortune* began to give large scope to reporters—some of whom have become very interested in social science and its problems—who developed a new kind of "story" which often surpasses the work of professional social scientists in information and even, though perhaps without intending it, in "theory."

My understanding of the origins and present importance of the reportorial tradition in social science has profited greatly from discussions with my colleague Everett Hughes.

recently, of most public opinion research: the poll data gathered in the public opinion journals, in the recent Cantril-Strunk volume, and in the *American Soldier,* form a rich body of materials, which we would never have had if we had had to wait for a structure of the theory-hypothesis-data-new-theory sort to justify gathering it.

Likewise, the scorn so frequently heaped on "gadgeteers," from without as well as within the ranks of social science, fails to grasp how much we owe, in all the sciences, to sheer fooling around with methods and techniques, more or less for their own sakes. In many ways, Freud was a gadgeteer, first in his work on the staining of cells for histological purposes, later in his experiments with hypnosis and other therapies; we forget this, since he also used his techniques to make brilliant discoveries. True, "gadgeteer" is often applied to those who see in a device or machine a panacea for all ills, or at the very least a solvent for hitherto intractable problems, and here certainly scorn is justifiable. But scorn is also levelled at gadgeteers who make no such grandiose claims, and here it seems to reflect attitudes of a very widespread sort: our hierarchy of skill and learning snobberies, our gnawing uneasiness about "materialism" and mechanical know-how, our ambivalence towards those aspects of American life that John A. Kouwenhoven, in his book *Made in America,* sums up as the "vernacular." Science suffers, however, when the gadgeteer must justify himself by association with some immediate and high-flown purpose, whether drawn from the realm of theory or of social action.

In sum, whatever end of the scale one begins at, one is likely to be under pressure to move rapidly towards the other end—"to link theory and data" as the phrase goes—by people who have insufficient respect for either end in its own terms, and who fail to appreciate all the intermediate and frequently indirect and unplannable steps in between. This leads to the most paradoxical results: on the one hand, scholars think they have "proved" their case scientifically when they are very far from it—for if their case were not, to their own satisfaction, demonstrated, they could have no respect for themselves; and, on the other hand, other scholars are reduced to despair when they discover that the petty data they have accumulated in a stretch of painstaking and mayhap costly work bears little relation to the grand hypothesis with which they began. In this situation, work which is very far from technical validation, let alone from proving anything important about society, is often desperately seized

upon by the promoters and defenders of social science in order to convince themselves and others that they are in a good line of work, and, beyond that, that they could produce far more if they got the funds and the go-ahead orders. As the design engineers in an industry feel harried by the demands and expectations of the product engineers who want to produce, and the sales engineers who want to sell, so the design engineers of social science are under the pressures just indicated from the production and sales staff who insist on putting on the social science assembly line what is still necessarily in the handicraft and mock-up stage.[6] In many quarters, the promoters of social science have aroused such unfulfillable expectations as to risk a disillusioning bust of the whole enterprise. Thus, while at an earlier time social scientists may have been overtimid, "ivory-towerish," and afraid of responsibility, they seem today more endangered by check-kiting (in terms of reports leading to "pilot studies," to more reports, and so on endlessly) than by reticence.

V

One can imagine the relief with which some promoters of social science have greeted a few recent very successful efforts to link theory and data. I shall discuss briefly two such major efforts—*The Authoritarian Personality,* by T. W. Adorno, Else Frenkel-Brunswik, Daniel J. Levinson, and R. Nevitt Sanford; and the *Yankee City* series by W. Lloyd Warner and his coworkers—in order to show that the difficulties we have been discussing arise even on the highest and most sophisticated level of research, and to show some of the risks one runs in taking such studies as models for slavish imitation.

The Authoritarian Personality is perhaps the most impressive attempt in recent American social psychology and sociology to link a large-scale and important theory to data which would support and demonstrate it.

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[6]It should be added that this is often done in the friendliest spirit. At times, the production engineer will show an overgreat deference to the design engineer—as the result of snobberies already touched upon—leading the former to premature attempts to use and sell the work of the latter to raise his own status. Obviously enough, novelists and other artists are subjected to analogous briberies and temptations, and in the relation between highbrow and middlebrow art one can find similar tensions.

This thousand-page volume is the outgrowth of many years of study, first by members of the (Frankfort) Institute for Social Research, later by an able and energetic group at Berkeley that worked for another period of years: it was not a project set up to pay quick dividends out of capital to attract further capital, but rather one which took its time about the study of the authoritarian personality and its role in modern industrial society —a large order, indeed. The thinking at the "theory" end began in the late '20's and early '30's in Germany; a large volume dealing with many facets of the problem—*Autorität und Familie*—appeared in the mid-'30's, at which time empirical research projects had already begun; the research work that *The Authoritarian Personality* itself reports was carried out over a span of five years or more in Berkeley, and incorporates the use of the most subtle and advanced of psychological techniques. Time to work and think and experiment is essential for serious investigation, and this long period of maturation makes *The Authoritarian Personality* as good and significant as it is.

But there is just the rub. Society does not stand still—American society perhaps least of all—and the problem of twenty years ago is not the problem of today, and the problem of Germany then is not the problem of America now. Events continually outdistance our attempts to understand them; social scientists, no less than other people, must structure the world while at the same time keeping up with it. Economists kept talking about our economy as if its problems were those of underemployment for years after this problem had disappeared, and under circumstances that made its recrudescence unlikely for years to come, if ever.[7] *The Authoritarian Personality* rests on the equally irrelevant fundamental premise—as it appears to me—that European-style fascism is the great danger hanging over America, as well as on the minor premise—to me not important for America, and dubious even for Ger-

[7]We run here, among other things, into the matter of the "self-confirming prophecy" discussed by Robert K. Merton in this *Review*. Since people on all levels of our society believe that depressions are controllable (some, as the result of the Keynesians; others, as a result of their interpretation of our war experience), while they do not believe wars are controllable, the government will be under great if not irresistible pressure to live up to these expectations—by a war economy if necessary. This seemed evident to a number of observers before economists became concerned with the problems of full employment.

many—that authoritarianism in character structure breeds and is bred by authoritarianism in social structure. As to fascism: there is no room here to set out all my reasons for believing that this is not the principal American menace—among them, is the position, developed in *The Lonely Crowd,* that virtually all sectors of American life (including would-be fascists) have an "in" on the political and social scene which would be disturbed by a *coup d'état*; moreover, that American big business is not as unified, ruthless, or conspiratorial as the authors of the book suppose; finally, if there exists a danger of internal repression in America today, it ensues more from the threat of totalitarian Soviet expansion than from sources in American "authoritarian personality."[8] As to the minor premise linking character and society, I suggest that, in America and England, the Puritan character, which qualifies in many ways as "authoritarian," actually helped foster a democratic social structure under given conditions of seventeenth-century life; conversely, the pliable "democratic" personality can be molded and made use of, under other social conditions and institutions, in developing a rigid and authoritarian society.

These may seem like drastic criticisms, and they certainly go to the heart of the authors' aims and conclusions. Yet the by-products of the study are invaluable: never, for instance, have we had, on such a large scale, such brilliant and brilliantly-validated use of "diagnostic" questions arranged in scales to test underlying attitudes, nor such grasp of nuances of verbal expression as clues to character, nor such an interesting discussion of the political attitudes of criminals, nor so capable an appraisal of the possibilities of typological treatment in social research. Nor is the study of fascism itself all waste effort by any means: there are undoubtedly some millions of fascist-minded people in the United States, and we now have an unexampled look at many sides of their outlooks and personalities. Nevertheless, the study itself, as an effort to understand America, does not carry us far; the very gift and social concern of the planners of the work, which led them to the problem of fascism, led them off on what turned out, two decades later, to be a false scent; and if the study contributes, as I think likely, to the understanding of society, it will be indirectly, through its by-products.

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[8]For a similar view, see Paul Kecskemeti, "Prejudice in the Catastrophic Perspective," *Commentary* (March, 1951).

Other examples of the complexities introduced by the necessarily long process of data-gathering and publishing are the studies of social class directed and inspired by Lloyd Warner. His first work in this field was done in a New England town at the beginning of the depression; the same techniques and concerns that were used in "Yankee City" in the early '30's have been carried over, with minor systematizations and modifications, to "Deep South" and to "Elmtown" ("Jonesville"), with way stations in between. But in these later studies the question is not raised whether class remains the most fruitful concept for understanding American culture and personality in 1951; or whether people today are as concerned with social mobility as they were twenty years ago, and as the technique then devised nearly inevitably makes it appear that they still are—for the technique tends to confuse membership in a social class, as symbolized by a brilliant variety of indices, with consciousness of that membership and of its implications, honorific and otherwise. The technique is not neutral—no technique is; it was devised at a time when certain problems relating to class were pre-eminent, and when Warner's insistence on their importance was stimulating and heretical; the technique took years to perfect, but now that it is perfected (a much-debated point among experts), and relatively easy for students to apply, it must be asked whether other problems—divisions within social classes, for instance, or cutting across classes—may not have become more significant, even though class is still of great and obvious significance. Professor Warner himself, in fact, not being committed to a large and expensive apparatus, seems in his most recent work to be as interested in comparing the fantasy life of people on what he calls the "common man" level with that of the "uncommon man" as he is with new applications of the Yankee City scheme.

We must conclude, then, that the effort to link theory and data, at the present pace of work, runs into a most important set of logistical problems. It is hard enough to modify one's own conceptions to take account of a changing world, and perhaps to help change it; it is harder, much harder, to overhaul a huge research project, planned over the many years required for work, evaluation, and publication, so as to fit these changing conceptions. In answer to such dejections, it is often argued that money is the only bottleneck to the spectacular advance of social science—and that, if only a quarter as much were made available as was

put at the disposal of atomic scientists, there would be no important areas of ignorance left about the world, let alone the United States! Conceivably, if there were *enough* money, and *enough* personnel, monopolistic competition among even large-scale research enterprises would tend to keep them flexible and fast on their feet to a degree—yet even here the logistical problem would remain, for a country that could be brought to devote such enormous resources to its own self-scrutiny would obviously be a very different land from the present U.S.A., so different perhaps that social science would no longer appear as inviting or necessary! One is almost awe-struck with the lack of humor, if not of humility, on the part of those social scientists who feel their trade so all-important that they can make such requests of the national income and the national manpower, and one could greatly admire the implicit utopian faith so displayed, if one did not feel an underlying insecurity prompting the frequent use of the nuclear physicists as a reference group.

It is evident, moreover, that the large-scale theory-testing operation runs the risks of encouraging mere discipleship which are always present in intellectual and artistic enterprise. The easiest way to do research is to apply the beautifully-engineered models supplied by such work as that of the Berkeley group and Warner—though actually, partly because this work has many complexities and is highly controversial, much inferior models are usually chosen. But while a proved sire may be the best bet in cattle-breeding, proved paternities in the social sciences are filled with ambiguities. The disciple has much less chance, generally, of adapting his conceptions to the rapidly changing course of social development than the originator—but even the latter may be trapped by fear of disappointing, or "disemploying," his disciples.

Since I am myself a practitioner of social science, as well as a critic thereof, I must guard against the possible implication that I consider my own writing and teaching to have escaped these pitfalls—on the contrary, it is from falling in that I have learned to locate some of them. But I do suggest that certain aspects of my work which appear to some contemporary social scientists to be simply defects—a somewhat casual and unsystematic approach, and a refusal to set up the grand money- and time- and man-consuming research projects that would demonstrate my hypotheses—are not only defects, and certainly not unintended ones: if what I have said hitherto is sound, there are also virtues in the handicraft

approach which, not entirely committed to a major course of action, is able to shift and turn with the development of the thought of the researcher, as well as with the course of social development. Without any question, however, this unmethodical method is subject to its own hazards, most of which have been examined at length in the social science literature of the recent, method-conscious decades.

VI

It is interesting to speculate about what American social science would look like today if journalism had had as much prestige in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries as natural science, though perhaps the drive towards professionalization has been more important in shaping social science than the fact that the professional model chosen has generally been physics or biology. In England an organization has grown up in the last fifteen years—Mass Observation, or MO for short—which deserves to be better known in this country, for in conception it is a frontal attack both on the natural science model and on professionalization. It consists of a group of animated and amateur social observers who are encouraged to send in reports on assigned topics—and to suggest topics—to a central office run by social scientists: they have studied such British institutions as the pub, church-going, the last Coronation Day, and what happens at "all-in" wrestling. MO attempts to reduce the distance between observers and observed by allowing the latter to participate in the processes of social study—to bring to it what they have in the way of gifts of observation and to receive in return instruction and information based on others' observation. In intention, though not in its rather sloppy execution, it is an adult education venture in the social sciences.[9]

American (and British) public opinion specialists have heaped scorn on the MO sampling methods or lack of them; and one could also criticize the raw empiricism of such a book as *May the Twelfth,* which reports, without interpretation or selection or preliminary training of

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[9]There is, of course, a tradition of local history studies, and also of local linguistics and folk culture studies, which goes back a long way in Europe, and to a lesser degree in this country.

the reporters, what observers noticed on Coronation Day in 1938; there MO forgot that the first duty of a reporter is to be interesting, a duty which demands both selection and interpretation.[10]

In the United States there have been a few developments similar to MO but, significantly enough, all of them appear to have been motivated by immediate problems of social policy rather than, as in the case of the British organization, by this coupled with "idle curiosity" about the society. During World War II the OWI ran what were called Correspondence Panels: men and women throughout the country who sent in reports on such assigned topics as how the draft was going, the effect of price control, and morale, receiving in return instructions and commentary; under the direction of Elizabeth Herzog, many small businessmen, housewives, and others learned for the first time to look at their communities with the detached and inquiring air which is the hallmark of the good reporter and the good social science observer. (With the end of the war, the program, like so much else that had been painfully built up, was hastily demolished.) More widely known is the "action-research" approach of the late Kurt Lewin and a group of his followers; their idea was that it might be possible to enlist ordinary citizens to study their own community problems; more than that, this self-study, they believed, would help in the solution of these problems, while the very effort at solution would in turn invigorate research. Under the influence of this approach there have been, for example, a number of "community self-audits," in which citizens, under the direction of social scientists, have examined their community from the point of view of its failings and fulfillments, particularly as to race relations. The method has much to be said for it, both as adult education and as social action, but I have some misgivings about its usefulness for research and deeper understanding: usually the social scientists in charge already know, in a rough way, that they will find anti-Negro bias in housing in Montclair or discrimination in employment in Northfield (two cities where successful audits were made), and "self-audit" can become, despite the democratic sym-

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[10]Fortunately, Robert E. Park never got over his training as a Sunday Supplement feature writer for the Detroit press; he never managed, in his late career as a sociologist, to stay away from interest or "human interest" for very long at a time. See his "Autobiographical Note" in *Race and Culture*.

pathies of the leaders, little more than a new gimmick to spur community activity.

At any rate, America much more than England seems to me to need both the reporting technique and the enlistment of the amateur observer that characterize MO—to need them for the basic job of finding out what goes on, apart from any question as to what can be done about it. This country is so big, so varied, so almost if not quite unencompassable, that social research cannot have enough observers who will break down its momentary generalizations and open up new views. Something like MO would permit what might be called "research by exception," where a researcher would count on his "far-flung correspondents" to tell him where something he had taken for granted was not so. Indeed, there are many fields of social research which simply cannot be handled by existing techniques. If we want to know, for example, the reactions of movie audiences to a nationally-exhibited film, as this varies from showing to showing, we cannot learn this at present, nor can sampling methods tell us how an audience, a group en masse, responds; the whole wide field of American popular culture needs mass explorers and mass observers: for sports events, dance-halls, bookie joints, fairs, and countless other pastimes. By bringing these observers into our research organizations, moreover, we are likely greatly to amplify our conception both of the complexity of our country and of its newly emerging problems, for there will be no want of stimulating queries and reports.[11]

Certainly, a social science militia of this type would go far to complement, and perhaps to check, the social science army of professionals envisaged by the logistics discussed earlier. We would be overwhelmed with data: our poor schemes would have to be sturdy indeed to stand up to it—perhaps, afraid of drowning in data, we would become fonder of theory! We would also have to focus on questions that interested our

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[11]Thanks to the cooperation of the National Opinion Research Center, I once had the opportunity to go over many reports sent in by interviewers to accompany their formal schedules—letters, really, rather than reports, which touched on how hard the interviewing had gone or how easy, on what types of questions made for trouble or interest, and on many of the day-to-day events and encounters in the interviewers' rounds. Often, these reports were more stimulating than the content of the schedules, which dealt with ephemeral opinions: what do you think of the UN, of Truman, of Palestine partition, or whatever else were the "issues" of 1948.

militia—and work on the problem of easy communication with them—for they would be bound to us, not by professional ties, but by mutual needs for understanding. We may perhaps not be prepared for the new functions that would be forced upon us. But at the same time, accepting our function as reporters as well as systematizers, we might continue to be happy even where we were unsuccessful.

VII

In a thought-provoking essay on "The Art of Social Science," Robert Redfield has called attention to some of the ambiguities of current emphasis on method in social research, pointing out that Tocqueville and other great and gifted observers had added much to our knowledge while ignorant of or violating the rules laid down by men who have added much less. If what I have said in this paper makes sense, we may draw a further analogy with contemporary problems of art, especially literary art. For it would seem that social scientists, too, have their "New Critics" who have been laying down a canon which, in the minds of some, operates to intimidate creative work. The canon is actually more perfectionist than its literary analogue, since it is based, not on actual work, but on often brilliant extrapolation from our old friends, the "pilot studies." And whereas the new critics in literature frequently have a verve and elegance in writing, and a depth in understanding, which compensates for much that may be lacking in creative writing, the new critics in social science—while they would hardly agree with William F. Ogburn's paper on "The Folklore of Social Science" that the social scientists of the future will not be gifted with wit or originality but will publish merely statistical reports—seem to feel that their ascetic laboriousness and lugubriousness in the content of criticism should also be reflected in its style.

Both developments, moreover, in literature and in social science, are in part the outcome of the tremendous advance in university teaching in the humanities and in the social sciences in the last several decades. At many institutions, large and small, there has been a heightening of critical standards, and students are confronted, not with easy-going teachers using casual texts, but with able and energetic new critics, who can discover the flaws in the finest poetry and fiction, or in the most

heralded works of social science. And in both areas, as a price for this advance, there is a temptation for students to become easily discouraged about what they could contribute to creative work; they have to bear in mind so many injunctions, each of them "correct," that they can no more start their own enterprises than could a businessman in a completely regimented state—for their vanity and ambition are already low, as the result of other social developments than the rise of the new critics.

In the art world at least, the battle of artists and critics is an old one. But it is a battle of a noncumulative sort, which must be fought over in every era, because of changes in the division of labor, and in the strength and self-confidence of the several sides. In American writing, those seem to fare best who pay no attention to critics—symbolized by William Faulkner calling himself aggressively a farmer, and not a literary man. In American social science, many of the best contributions have been made by journalists and others who were out of the circle of academic life and criticism. But surely this is not an optimum solution, for it lowers the intellectual level of creative writing, and leaves critics as the audience for other critics. And while in art there is an inexhaustible storehouse for the critics to draw upon, in social science there is not enough good work to occupy many critics for a full-time day. Marx was right when he wrote in *The German Ideology* that it should be "possible for one to do one thing today and another tomorrow—to hunt in the morning, to fish in the evening, to criticize after dinner just as I have in mind, without ever becoming hunter, fisherman, shepherd, or critic."

A STORY

Rice

By HENRY STEINER

IT WAS A DAY that should have started softly, mounting into noon and afternoon, and then sloping away into the smoky autumn evening. Instead it was bright and hard like the preceding spring when the rice was green and the bitter Korean winter of 1946-47 just past.

In the jeep, Captain Frazer turned around to Mr. Song and said, "It's just like spring."

Mr. Song, sitting in the back seat, smiled diffidently and answered, "Yes."

Frazer waited. When Mr. Song remained silent, Frazer looked at Sergeant Biancoli who, saying nothing, drove with his eyes fixed on the road. On his face was an expression of brooding discontent, and Frazer stared at him curiously, indifferently, as he might have inspected an animal in a zoo.

He turned again to Mr. Song and asked, "You came down from Seoul yesterday?"

Mr. Song said "Yes" again and smiled again, but the smile was jerked out of existence by a violent shock. He clawed desperately for a handhold as he went up off the seat with his arms outstretched like wings and almost fell between the two Americans in the front seats.

Sergeant Biancoli muttered, "Hang on, for Chrissakes."

Mr. Song's hat had fallen off. As he tried to regain his seat, he stepped on the brim and ground the floor dirt into the soft felt. Picking it up and brushing at it ineffectually, he placed it askew on his head and caught hold of the seat back just in time to prevent another flight.

"This is your first job with the Americans, isn't it?" Frazer asked.

"No," Mr. Song answered. "When I was a boy I interpreted for an American missionary." He did not tell them that the present job was his last defense against gradual starvation, nor that he had invested all his

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remaining funds in what he thought were suitable clothes for the new work. He bounced again and felt a sharp edge cut into one of the new shoes where it was tucked under the Captain's seat. Pulling it out with a grimace, he looked sadly at the long scratch on the toe and the polish covered with dust.

"Well, this is a tough one to start you out on," Frazer said seriously. "God knows, rice collection is always a headache, but the old man we're going to see this morning is a hard customer. Did you hear about it in the village last night?"

"No, I did not," Mr. Song murmured. He had come in on the bus with a charcoal burner on the back and all the windows broken, with his paper suitcase in his hand, with his new suit and new shoes and new hat. He had come all the way from Seoul, away from the University and the old life, broken now like the bridges on the road where the bus had to go down in the dry stream bed and waddle up the other side with everyone pushing and the chickens squawking, and Mr. Song still sitting inside looking dignified as befitted a scholar and University professor.

When he had met Frazer, Mr. Song had spread out his ceremonial manners in front of him like an ancient and fragile tapestry. And it had seemed that Frazer had not even known what Mr. Song was doing. Perhaps the formal words sounded silly in English, but Mr. Underwood, the missionary, would have bowed and said them in return. Of course, Mr. Song had reflected, it was too much to expect that all Americans would be like old Mr. Underwood.

After the brief, impersonal instructions, Mr. Song had found an inexpensive hotel. There in a narrow, cold little room with sliding paper doors and no furniture except the sleeping mat, he had spent the night. His sleep was troubled by dreams of the old life at the University with the new young students, and then somehow of childhood.

Frazer said, "You'll have to find out those things. It's up to you to get the information on what's going on in these places. The old man we're going to see this morning—his name is Han—has hidden his rice crop. Every farmer does that, of course, but not even your police could find out where it is. He wouldn't tell them."

Frazer waited a moment. Then he sighed and said, "I suppose you know it's not usual for Koreans to refuse their police anything."

He waited again, but another bump came and Mr. Song's hat fell off for the second time.

"Well, old Han wouldn't tell them," Frazer continued, "and they didn't do anything but threaten him. I think they must be afraid to touch him. He's the head of a clan. There's also the effect of those riots at Kwanju a few weeks ago over the farmers your police tortured. I suppose you heard about that up in Seoul."

Mr. Song nodded, but at the same time he thought, *They are not my police.*

He had heard a little about it. Some students had held a meeting in protest over the police atrocities against the farmers, but the students were so few. All of them put together were only a fraction of the body that had once attended. No one had any money any more, or clothes, or time to go to the University and listen to the quiet voice of Mr. Song explaining the subjunctive in the English language, and how it might be used to translate Li Po. Everyone spent his hours in attempting to sell what he had gathered over a lifetime, and watching the treasures disappear like winter snow and the rice they bought disappear also. Suddenly Mr. Song thought that everything was disappearing, that even he might —especially he might—disappear.

"Well, I'm glad to hear you've heard of something," Frazer said sarcastically.

Mr. Song kept his face expressionless, except for the discomfort which he was not able to conceal.

Frazer spoke over his shoulder. "The old man has got to sell us the rice at the legal price: one hundred and seventy-five won—providing he'll tell us where it is."

Mr. Song said, "One hundred and seventy-five won." He knew that in Seoul the retail price was now almost one thousand won, except in the government sales where the amount one could purchase was rationed, but the price was only one-fifth as much. "Mr. Han will not want to sell," he said.

"You can bet he won't want to sell," Frazer said wryly. "None of them want to sell at the legal price."

Mr. Song's head bounced up and down in what began as a nod.

"I want to be sure, Mr. Song, you understand the necessity for what we're doing so you'll be able to speak convincingly to Mr. Han. You

know what would happen in the city if the government didn't buy and sell at a price people can pay?"

"The city people would starve to death," Mr. Song said like a child reciting a lesson.

"That's right," Frazer continued gravely. "They would starve. But many farmers don't care and don't want to know. I've seen violence before during rice collection."

"I understand," Mr. Song said. "I agree that it is necessary to have rice at a low price."

"You clearly understand there may be trouble? Someone may get hurt? I tell you so you'll be warned."

"I understand," Mr. Song said thinking, *This is a difficult service he performs. He is very serious.*

"I hope you do. I certainly hope you do." Frazer stared at Mr. Song's eyes until Mr. Song looked away in embarrassment.

They stopped in front of the house and the truck with the laborers pulled up behind them. While waiting for the dust to pass away they looked at the four pillars of the house and the Chinese characters written on them, at the white clothed men lounging on the porch who smoked and watched them. Somewhere inside a child began to cry and they listened to that until it was cut off in mid-breath. It left them hanging there in what was now like silence. Gradually it was filled with bird sounds and the wind-rustle in the trees. All of them waited in the little draw off the river like a hostile audience watching an empty stage.

"Well, let's get going," Frazer said and got out. Mr. Song followed him, and finally Biancoli pulled himself abruptly out of the jeep and leaned on the hood on the side away from the house.

"Find out who Han is, Mr. Song, and let's talk to him and get out of here," Frazer said, suddenly impatient.

Mr. Song approached the porch, feeling the eyes on his hat and suit and shoes, wishing that he too wore the traditional white. It occurred to him that this was all foolishness: the ominous atmosphere, and the hostility between the Koreans and the collection party so strong that it was like a bridge under his feet. *I should be back in my chambers translating, or in the classroom teaching,* he thought angrily. But he kept on walking until he was close in front of the porch. After the pre-

liminary words of politeness—Seoul politeness, Capital politeness—he asked for Mr. Han.

An old man rose, and without speaking to Mr. Song, descended with dignity from the porch, walked past him and stopped in front of Frazer. Mr. Song bowed his head at the insult and turned back to stand behind Frazer.

"Tell him we'll give him the legal price of one hundred and seventy-five won for his rice," Frazer said curtly.

Before Mr. Song could say a word, the old man shook his head.

"Wait until you hear the question before you answer it," Frazer said clearly into the old man's unchanging face and unwavering eyes. Mr. Song told him the legal price.

The old man still did not look at him.

"Tell him he must sell to us at that price. Tell him we must fill our quotas," Frazer insisted.

The old man shook his head again.

"Tell him he's got to listen to the question before he answers it," Frazer added patiently.

"You must sell to the government, Mr. Han," Mr. Song said quietly in Korean. "That is the law."

Abruptly the old man recognized Mr. Song's existence. He spoke in a high, rapid voice and in the dialect of the region. "I do not have to sell to anyone. It is my rice, from my land. I will ask what I please for it. The price you offer is far too low."

"Well, what's he say, Mr. Song?" Frazer asked.

"He says he will not sell."

"Tell him if he doesn't sell, we'll confiscate the rice."

Mr. Song said placatingly in Korean, "The people in the cities are starving. They cannot pay the high prices on the open market. That is why the government sets this low price and makes out a quota."

"The government of thieves! Let those in the cities come back to the land if they wish to eat." Mr. Han's eyes, the color of yellow river-water, became bright and wet with emotion. "Let them depend on the rain as I do and starve when it does not come. Let the river sweep away all they have. For years I have worked the land for the Japanese and saw them take my rice away. Now I have the land and the rice. The government wants to take it away again. It is the same as the Japanese."

"What does he say?" Frazer asked.

"One moment please, Captain Frazer." And then in Korean to the old man, "But this is not for the Japanese. This is for your own people. The Americans are helping us."

"Yes, I know. They will sell the rice to the robbers for five times what they give me. Then the robbers will sell it to the people for ten times. What do these foreigners know!" The speech came shooting out of the old man's mouth.

"You are right," Mr. Song said, "some of the rice may go to thieves, there to be sold again, but is it no comfort to know that you are behaving justly, that you are helping others who would starve without you? At least you will gain merit in the eyes of God no matter what sins others may commit."

The old man ignored him again.

Mr. Song turned to Frazer and said, "He says no."

"You mean you talked that much and all he said was no? You interpreters are all alike. Now. Tell him if he doesn't tell us where it is, we'll send the military police and take him to jail. Not Koreans this time—American police."

When Mr. Song had translated that, the old man said earnestly, almost despairingly,. "What can a man do?" And then with force, "Tell him he will never find it. I did not tell the police. I will not tell him. Let him know I will let it rot where it is rather than tell him."

Mr. Song said, "He will not sell. This man is very angry. He feels he is being treated unjustly. I think he will fight soon."

On the porch a young man with a thin face rose to his feet.

"Let him fight," Frazer said. "Maybe he can beat the Korean police and the American Army all by himself. Biancoli!" Biancoli straightened up. "Search the house."

Biancoli said, "Yessir," and unbuttoned the holster flap of his .45. He began to walk toward the porch, toward the seated men, with the sun glinting on the insignia pinned to his fatigue cap.

"Do not enter my house!" the old man shouted at his back. "You have no right to enter my house!"

Mr. Song said, "He asks that you not enter his house."

Captain Frazer said nothing.

Mr. Song looked at him in surprise. "He asks that you not enter his house," Mr. Song repeated.

Frazer shook his head disgustedly. "I have no choice," he said slowly. "We've got to fill our quota. To do that we've got to find Mr. Han's rice, and we'll search since he won't tell us where it is. Try and explain that to him."

Mr. Song began, "Captain Frazer says—"

The old man shouted, "Do not enter my house." He looked once at Frazer's face and then, with his straw sandals scuffing the dust, he ran behind the house.

All the men on the porch were standing now. A murmur rose from them when Mr. Han ran. Biancoli hesitated.

For a moment Mr. Song thought the old man had hidden his face from the indignity about to come to his name. He gasped when the old man returned running with the scythe in his hand, yet for a bright instant Mr. Song was filled with the thought that something was going to happen and he would watch it.

The young man on the porch jumped down. With a shout he ran to intercept Han.

While Biancoli fumbled for his gun, the old man, eyes glaring, leaning forward with the scythe clenched in his two hands, dust spurting from his feet, raced toward him.

Biancoli clawed the gun from its holster with rigid muscles and fear filling his face. From the house, a woman's voice cried out.

Biancoli got the gun out, pulled the hammer back, and fired when the old man was almost on top of him, the scythe upraised.

The sound was loud. For an instant afterward, even before it echoed up the valley, all became suspended: expressions, voices, wind, Biancoli with the pistol thrust out from his hip like a pointing finger, and the old man caught in mid-stride, eyes still glaring, scythe still upraised but without life, like a statue.

Then the instant collapsed. The old man's leading leg crumbled under him. He fell at Biancoli's feet, the scythe jabbing the dust and then it too falling over, soundlessly.

Biancoli swung around a little to face the young man running toward him, and Frazer yelled, "Don't shoot!"

The young man went down on his knees next to Mr. Han and began

to turn him over. From the house came flying white skirts, swift rubber sandals and an old woman's face, contorted, tears already streaming from the eyes, mouth open. The white-clothed men tumbled off the porch and the laborers off the truck.

The son turned the old man on his back while Biancoli looked down on them, the pistol held limply on the end of his hanging arm.

Frazer came up and bent over the old man. Looking up, he grated, "Did you have to shoot him in the chest?"

"I almost didn't make it at all, Captain," Biancoli's voice sounded full, as if he were about to weep. His face was mask-like with surprise, sorrow, and bewilderment.

The woman was on her knees beside the old man, her hands covering her face as she rocked back and forth.

To Mr. Song, bending over, staring into the old man's face, it was terrifying to see the eyes open and look into his, and the mouth open and the words breathe out, "Yu Bakka!" and then the eyes close again and the bearded mouth remain open with its yellow teeth.

Mr. Song looked at it for a moment before he realized that it was dead. Then he rose and turned to the son, who had also stood up, with the words of sorrow and regret on his lips. Before he could speak, the young face with its eyes glaring was thrust close against his to shout deafeningly, "Ka! Get out! Ka!" He pulled back shocked, and wiped his mouth with his hand.

The son turned to the laborers in their baggy army fatigues and shouted in each of their faces, "Ka! Ka! Ka!" They turned, shamefaced, and went back to the truck.

Before the son could reach him, Frazer returned to the jeep and yelled back, "Let's get out of here," with a slight waver in his voice.

Mr. Song, who had been standing, staring stunned with the back of his hand still to his face, turned and almost ran to the jeep, and Biancoli, with the old expression of brooding inwardness wiped away, came slowly around to the driver's side.

"Put that thing away!" Frazer ordered angrily.

Biancoli shoved the pistol back in its holster. "I almost didn't make it, Captain," Biancoli muttered thickly. "He was right on top of me. I couldn't do anything else." Biancoli waited until Mr. Song had climbed dazedly into the back seat again and then climbed in himself.

"Come on, let's get out of here! Get us moving, for Christ's sake!" Frazer said.

As they started to back out, Mr. Song suddenly awoke. Holding on to the roof supports, his knuckles white, he leaned over the side and yelled back to the son staring after them, to all the faces staring after them, "Do not ever tell them where the rice is! Never!" He leaned back in and sat down, not even bothering to wipe the spittle from the corners of his mouth, not answering when the Captain looked at him questioningly.

* * *

They were on their way back to Inchon when Captain Frazer turned around to Mr. Song and said, "What did he say to you just before he died?"

Mr. Song stared past him through the windshield. "He called me a thief," he said. "In Japanese."

Neither of the men in the front seat said anything. Sergeant Biancoli stared at the road and Captain Frazer looked at Mr. Song.

After a while, Captain Frazer said, "Don't let it get you, Mr. Song. You had nothing to do with it." Then he added quietly, "It was the old man's fault. He shouldn't have tried to kill Biancoli."

Mr. Song said, "The old man is dead. No matter what you say, it is true that the old man is dead." He still stared past the Captain's head.

"Yes, the old man is dead. But remember I told you there might be trouble."

Mr. Song did not answer.

"I told you why we were doing this, didn't I?"

Mr. Song said, "Yes."

"Has anything changed now with the argument?"

"The old man is dead."

"Yes, he's dead. Of course he's dead. We all saw him dead!" Frazer glared at Mr. Song's blank, cold face. "That doesn't change the fact that what we did was right. Biancoli had to protect himself. We had to find the rice!" Then with an effort, Frazer said, "A man can't keep what he has while others starve—not any more."

Mr. Song thought, *The old man is dead. The brave, ignorant old man.*

"He did no good, you know," Frazer continued. "The police'll surely

find the rice now. They'll question the wife or the son without fear, now that the old man . . ."

Surprise filtered into Mr. Song. "They will find the rice?" he said.

"The police aren't to blame for what happened, so they're free to do what they want," Frazer said bitterly. "Now let's all just forget about it."

They were almost to Inchon when Mr. Song said, "Please stop the automobile."

Frazer turned and examined him.

Mr. Song's face was calm. "Please stop the automobile," he said again.

When Biancoli had braked the jeep to a stop, Mr. Song got out.

"Wait a minute, Biancoli," Frazer said quickly. Then to Mr. Song: "I know how you feel. Think of the ten people who'll starve without Mr. Han's rice. Balance them against Mr. Han back there."

Mr. Song heard only a jumble of foreign words which he did not attempt to understand. Wooden-faced, he waited.

"What can I tell you to convince you? To kill a man is a terrible thing, but to kill ten, even though you don't see them die immediately, is much worse. You've seen them starve at Seoul station in the winter. So have I—"

Mr. Song, still not listening, thought, *Why does he argue with me like this?* He was drawn to a detached contemplation of the Western face with the blue eyes, the bitter expression, the twisting mouth, and the almost passionate jargon. Mr. Song was reminded of someone. Of course! Mr. Han had looked exactly like this when he had argued against taking the rice! Something like a chill overtook Mr. Song as Frazer defended himself. He listened.

In a moment, Mr. Song thought: *Who is right? They argue the same way, with the same face, and yet both would have killed. This man speaks to me as if I am his conscience.* Then Mr. Song remembered the yard and Mr. Han with the great stain on his chest and the blood creeping away in little branched vines from some vast root underneath him.

"Yu bakka!" Mr. Song said, in Japanese as it had been said to him. He spoke suddenly, throwing the words from him.

He saw Frazer's face deepen and recede into a mask of defeat. The face itself sighed at him, and Mr. Song almost said, "No, wait. I did not mean it. I would have said the same to Mr. Han had you not killed him." But he did not speak.

Frazer said in a voice drained of expression, "Let's go, Biancoli. It doesn't do any good to explain." He did not look again at Mr. Song, but turned his face away with the blue eyes dead in it.

The jeep sprang forward and Mr. Song was left with the dust sifting down on him. As the jeep grew smaller in his eyes, Mr. Song opened his mouth, his face alive with emotion, and almost shouted after them. Then he looked down at his dusty shoes with the long scratch on one of the toes.

The dust from the jeep blew away from the road and floated over the squares of the rice paddies—dry now that the harvest was in—to fall in minute rain on the brittle, clustered stalks. Mr. Song looked at the barren land, and felt himself an old man, felt the dust like the ashes of the dead on his head, and whispered to himself as the engine sounds died away, "I know nothing."

The Colony

By SAMUEL YELLEN

The colony numbered some scores of souls,
All manner of men, even a woman and a child or two,
Some with hands and feet, some with claws, hoofs, jowls,
Moving by fits and starts, making a hullabaloo:
Hypocrite, sneak, liar, coward, egotist,
Yes, and the lecher, the faker, the mischief-maker
Quarreled, embraced, scratched, kicked, and kissed.

Here, mincing his steps like a dancing master,
One balanced on outstretched hands a house of cards
Kept trembling just this side of disaster
By a broken wishbone and mumbo-jumbo words;
And there, a child ran laughing under the trees,
Not unaware of each engaging posture,
His laughter inflected by eagerness to please.

Above, one floated, reclining on a cloud
Antiquely tinted primrose, puce, and rubric,
With castles, ladies, unicorns in elusive thread
Woven through the frail and fickle fabric.
Below, one plodded, tolling grievous groans
Out of a shrunken head and, for *memento mori,*
Clacking and rattling a chain of human bones.

Out on the road, one lurched in crooked circles,
With unhinged face contorted, about to blubber—
Wild fire shot from his eyes in sparkles,
His fist gripped a dagger of gray indiarubber;
While yet another trod on his very heel,
Now swelling, now dwindling like a shadow,
And clutched a jagged knife of bloodstained steel.

And three clowns staggered across the village green,
Gravely halting every now and then to salaam,
And a cowbell round the neck of him between
Clanked *Look, here I am! Look, here I am! Look, here I am!*
Accosting them, I asked, "How call you this colony?"
They stared at me as if *I* were the sleepwalker,
Then leered and said, " 'Tis yclept Imyselfandme."

Mover and Shaker: Walter Lippmann as a Young Man

By HEINZ EULAU

As EVEN THOSE who do not share his opinions will admit, there are few opinion-makers among our journalists who equal Mr. Walter Lippmann in prestige and respect. It is sometimes said that the light he sheds on public affairs comes from a background of intensive scrutiny and observation, and that his columns and books are read with care in government offices the world over. But, with due regard for such praise, there is some reason to believe that Lippmann's influence is being exaggerated. It is probably more accurate to say that his writings reflect rather than influence what is thought and done in high political circles. His style, certainly, is crisp and lucid. But the content of his ideas, in one sense intelligent and "realistic," is shopworn and unimaginative. His annoyingly Olympian attitude on public policies is hardly that of a Manhattan Zeus, as Edward E. Hunt, editor of the *Harvard Monthly,* once put it, "steady, massive, impassive, hurling his thunderbolts judiciously among the herds of mankind." On the contrary, Lippmann is, as he himself candidly told an interviewer some years ago, "merely a writer with an acute international anxiety neurosis."

It is difficult to conceive that Lippmann, now sixty-two, once belonged to the generation of "movers and shakers" who, forty years ago, set the intellectual pace of the liberal movement in the United States. The author of a youthful and hopeful *Preface to Politics* (1913), a pioneering and keenly analytical *Public Opinion* (1922), a permanently useful *Preface to Morals* (1929); an active socialist in 1910, a fighting liberal in 1920, a critical moralist in 1930, Walter Lippmann by 1940 had become a staid conservative genuinely worried about wars, revolutions and the confusion of human affairs.

This essay is part of a book which HEINZ EULAU has been writing about Walter Lippmann. Mr. Eulau recently received one of the Ford fellowships for the advancement of college teaching and is now on leave from Antioch College.

No wonder that it is quite fashionable to speculate about the changes which Lippmann's political temper and outlook underwent in the course of his rich intellectual life. But it is impossible to explain his development in terms of a single simple formula—such as that the success of his column in the early '30's and the accompanying rise in financial status occasioned the change of heart for which liberals have condemned and conservatives have hailed him. And yet, if there ever was any one point in his life when a sensitive observer might have detected the anxieties which finally drove Lippmann into the conservative fold, it was forty years ago, at the very time he joined the liberal movement.

II

One evening in early October, 1912, Lincoln Steffens, then at the height of his fame as a muckraker, dined with Walter Lippmann. He found his young companion "in a bully state of mind." As always when he was exhilarated or excited, Lippmann's slightly exophthalmic eyes probably bulged and sparkled. If he appeared big and somewhat fat, he had, as Mabel Dodge was fond of saying, "intellectualized his fat so that it shone a little." He may well have worn one of his dark serges which he generally managed with distinction, and which made him look elegant and clear-cut. He was evidently a young man of well-bred manners and self-possession.

The news that Lippmann told Steffens was thrilling indeed. Though only twenty-three years old, he had just finished writing his first book, *A Preface to Politics.* On publication the following year, the reviewers would take favorable notice of it, profuse with such tags of praise as "keen," "vital," "brilliant," "sound," "wise" or "detached." Within five years' time, the book would be required reading—along with the *Communist Manifesto,* Proudhon's book on the nature of property, the works of Owen, Fourier, Saint-Simon and Kropotkin—in a course on the origins of the first World War, offered by Professor Carlton Hayes at Columbia University. Before he was twenty-six, Lippmann would have written three books altogether. He would be invited to participate as an editor in the founding of *The New Republic,* a weekly journal of opinion representative, if not ahead, of the progressive spirit of the time.

Yet no appraisal of Lippmann would be complete without an account of the young man just out of Harvard. Lippmann had finished his regular college course in three years, but spent his fourth year as an assistant to Professor George Santayana in a course in the history of modern philosophy. In his first three years at Harvard he was rather inconspicuous. He did not belong to any of the fashionable clubs, but devoted himself to his studies. He became a socialist, by emotional as well as intellectual conviction. During his sophomore year he followed a call for volunteers to assist families made homeless by a fire in the Chelsea slum area of Boston. He was shocked by the squalor and poverty that he observed and had never known before, and he developed an intense interest in the writings of Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells.

In due order Lippmann organized, along with other rebels against what Lee Simonson called "the tepidity, the inertia, the listlessness of our life," a Socialist Club. As its president, he gave the club "influence and prestige in the life of the college." Alan Seeger, the poet who died in the first World War, was a member. So were Robert Edmond Jones, who was to inspire American stage design, and Heywood Broun, whom Lippmann had asked to join. John Reed, then still an intellectual playboy rather than America's prize-exhibit of the revolutionary, attended club-meetings but did not affiliate. Lippmann addressed meetings of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, founded in 1905 by several well-known radicals, including Clarence Darrow and Jack London; and the young Randolph Bourne, himself soon to be an acute social critic, came to hear him when he spoke at Columbia University.

The Harvard Socialist Club was more than the usual debating society of undergraduates. It sponsored legislation in the Massachusetts legislature, attacked the Harvard administration for paying its workers substandard wages, actively supported woman suffrage, and petitioned the faculty for a course in socialism. Lippmann contributed articles to the *Harvard Monthly* which reflected what club members thought. "Political ideals at Harvard are either nonexistent or painfully defective," he told his less interested classmates. Striking out beyond Harvard's walls he came to the defense of the suffragette movement, with words which suggest the flavor of his earliest style. "The worst that has been said against the suffragettes," he wrote, "is that they are unladylike. They are unladylike, just as the Boston Tea Party was ungentlemanly, and our

Civil War bad form. But, unfortunately, in this world great issues are not won by good manners."

Then, in the late summer of 1910, Lincoln Steffens had gone up to Cambridge in search of a young man who might do leg work on the muckraking articles which he was writing for *Everybody's*. In journalism, Steffens felt, "it was not better men, it was more intelligent men that we needed." He urged his editors to find their own cubs and train them from the start as magazine writers. The editors were doubtful and hesitant, but finally consented to Steffens' proposal. On his arrival at Harvard, Steffens described the man he was after, not the job he had to offer. He asked for the ablest mind that could express himself in writing, and soon everyone agreed on Walter Lippmann. "I found Lippmann," Steffens has related in his *Autobiography*, "saw right away what his classmates saw in him. He asked me intelligent, not practical questions about my proposition." When the questions were answered, Lippmann quit a six-week-old reporting job he had on a weekly magazine, *The Boston Common*, and followed Steffens to New York.

Steffens found his disciple keen, quiet and industrious: "He asked the men he met for more than I asked him for. He searched them; I know it because he searched me, too, for my ideas and theories." To prove to *Everybody's* editorial board that his choice had not been mistaken, Steffens asked Lippmann to write an essay which, to make the test fair, they submitted without a by-line. It was a piece on William James, was accepted and appeared in proof with Steffens' name under the title. It was not until the last page proof that the conspirators changed the signature. When the article came out as "By Walter Lippmann," the editors were surprised, but they not only took other writings of his but before the year was up made him one of the editors of the magazine.

Lippmann left *Everybody's* when, on Steffens' departure, he was assigned to reading manuscripts and sorting out jokes for a funny column. But the year with Steffens was an exciting apprenticeship. Steffens taught him how to write. "When Lippmann showed me a paragraph," Steffens has reported, "I'd say: 'Good, but just what did you want to say?' He said he meant to say what the paragraph said, but I'd shake my head and wonder, till in a rage he would plunk it all out in one good clean sentence. Then I'd say, let's put that sentence into a paragraph, and—well, he learned to do it and it is a noted element of his style."

Lippmann also learned from Steffens how to think critically. Though a muckraker, Steffens' idea of exposure was different from customary muckraking. He was looking not for the evils of Big Business, but for its anatomy. Young Lippmann was not a blind disciple. He listened with "canny doubt" to his master's view that political or economic exposure can be scientific. Later, Lippmann himself would elevate the scientific method almost into a matter of faith, but it was not till he had personally and experimentally convinced himself that he accepted Steffens' idea.

It was not unnatural that muckraking should have been Lippmann's starting-point in his march for a new approach to politics. Muckraking was symptomatic of real needs, needs which neither government nor business succeeded in serving. Yet he was skeptical. This sudden outburst of candor, he felt, must have some ground other than a national desire for truth and righteousness. Muckraking arose, he wrote, "because the world has been altered radically, not because Americans fell in love with honesty." It was journalistic in spirit, to some extent a fad. Lippmann thought it titillated "the feverish fantasy of illiterate thousands thrown out of kilter by the rack and strain of modern life."

It has been said that muckraking came to an end, partly because the public grew tired, partly because of the pressure by financial interests on the magazine owners, and partly because some of the evils which it exposed had been remedied. It is interesting to note, in view of his later development, that Lippmann held a different opinion.

> I should like to record it as my sincere conviction that no financial power is one-tenth so corrupting, so insidious, so hostile to originality and frank statement as the fear of the public which reads the magazine. For one item suppressed out of respect for a railroad or a bank, nine are rejected because of the prejudices of the public. This will anger the farmers, that will arouse the Catholics, another will shock the summer girl. Anybody can take a fling at poor old Mr. Rockefeller, but the great mass of average citizens (to which none of us belongs) must be left in undisturbed possession of its prejudices. In that subservience, and not in the meddling of Mr. Morgan, is the reason why American journalism is so flaccid, so repetitious and so dull.

Lippmann's evaluation held some truth in it. But already he had hit on a theme—"the prejudices of the public"—which was to occupy him for many years to come. And if there was not an element of contempt

in his words, there was certainly one of despair of "the great mass of average citizens." Once these prejudices became dominant, muckraking had to exhaust itself because it had no positive theory of government. The muckrakers themselves were not reformers who could defy these prejudices. Lippmann, still a socialist, was a reformer. It seems appropriate, therefore, to follow him on his only and short excursion into practical politics.

III

In 1911, the citizens of Schenectady, New York, had elected a socialist city administration. The new mayor, the Reverend George Lunn, coming across Lippmann, brought him to this city on the Mohawk River as his secretary in January, 1912. Lippmann "jumped," as he said, into this opportunity and, at first, was enthusiastic about it. Writing in the recently-founded *Masses,* he eulogized the socialist accomplishments in the city and rejected the policy of playing safe because it "may be very dangerous in the long run. For it confuses socialism with reform politics and tends to impregnate the movement with half-baked people who don't understand socialism."

But it turned out to be a disenchanting experience. Lippmann became disillusioned with the politicians as well as the public the more he saw of politics first-hand. He was not built for the petty vexations and distracting details of practical politics, the personal jealousies, the aimlessly drifting committee sessions and the constant speechmaking with its platitudes. The indifference of the public was perhaps worse. "On no important measure," he wrote later, "could the administration expect popular understanding." While his fellow officials blamed "Special Privilege" for their frustrations, to Lippmann it seemed that "we were like Peer Gynt struggling against the formless Boyg—invisible yet everywhere—we were struggling with the unwatered hinterland of the citizens of Schenectady."

After three months Lippmann had enough of a profession which, he said, had carried him through "the underground passages" of politics. But he was not ready to give up socialism as a philosophy. He felt that the socialists, by "transmitting a dumb muttering into a civilized pro-

gram," had given millions of people new interests and hopes. Economic determinism appeared to him "an antidote to mere preaching of goodness, to hero-worship and political quackery." The materialist theory, in turning men's attention from the romanticism of history, "has helped them to look at realities. It has engendered a fine concern about average people, about the voiceless multitudes who have been left to pass unnoticed."

But he was also critical. He felt that if socialism becomes simply a great passion, it can easily produce its own superstitions. When certain socialists begin to propound their schemes, he wrote, "there is a dreadful amount of forcible scrubbing and arranging and pocketing implied." Socialism, he prophesied, "has within it the germs of that great bureaucratic tyranny which Chesterton and Belloc have named the Servile State." Because they think that personality does not count, Lippmann felt that the socialists seek "to offset natural leadership by artificial contrivance." There is a myth among them, his Schenectady experience had taught Lippmann, that "initiative springs anonymously out of the mass of the people—that there are no 'leaders,' that the conspicuous figures are no more influential than the figurehead on the prow of a ship." American socialists, Lippmann squibbed, are "the interested pedants of destiny."

One cannot but admire the judiciousness and sensitivity of Lippmann's appraisal of what had been a disagreeable adventure to him. Yet there was an obvious ambivalence in his make-up. He appreciated theoretical socialism, to a point at least, because it gave "the voiceless multitudes" something to hang on to. But it was another thing to struggle with "the unwatered hinterland" of the common people. In spite of his insistence on seeing life as it really is, on dealing with personality, Lippmann was unable to come to grips, in his own behavior, with the reality into which practical politics had thrown him.

If Lippmann felt the indifference of the public to be "the most incisive comment on politics" that could be made in 1912, he also discovered "a remarkable inclination to make a virtue of political indifference among the keenest minds, the artists, scientists and philosophers." It was a criticism already voiced three years earlier by Herbert Croly, soon to be Lippmann's chief on *The New Republic*. In *The Promise of American Life,* Croly had called for an incessant and relentless critical warfare on

what he considered the prevailing intellectual insincerity, popular indifference, sentimentality and complacency. Lippmann's first book, *A Preface to Politics*, was the kind of critical effort that Croly had demanded. Though modestly described as "a preliminary sketch for a theory of politics, a preface to thinking," the book was a protest against the empty formalism and legalism of traditional political science, a plan for the vital and human as against the mechanical and imitative. Indeed, *A Preface to Politics* would remain the most genuinely personal of the many Lippmann books that followed. "It is a good book," a young student recently wrote; "this is because it agrees with me. Amazingly enough, back in 1912 Lippmann was thinking of things which I was to think of forty years later." It explains why John Reed, in the humorous but tender poem, *The Day in Bohemia,* called him

> Our unchallenged Chief, calm, inscrutable,
> Thinking and writing clearly, soundly, well;
> All snarls of falseness swiftly piercing through,
> His keen mind leaps like lightning to the True;
> His face is almost placid,—but his eye,—
> There is a vision born to prophecy!
> He sits in silence, as one who has said:
> "I waste not living words among the dead!"

A Preface to Politics anticipated the conflict between, in Lippmann's own words, "those who regard government as a routine to be administered and those who regard it as a problem to be solved." What was needed, he said, was "some necessary iconoclasm." And few were the idols or totem poles left unsullied by Lippmann's acid pen. Intellectual frauds and windy casuists he called the professors of economics who justified an unmitigated factory system as the inevitable result of a natural order; the judges who talked about putting new wine into old bottles; the reformers who argued for the initiative and referendum as if they meant a return to the town meeting. To Lippmann, "words, theories, symbols, slogans, abstractions of all kinds are nothing but the porous vessels into which life flows, is contained for a time, and then passes through. But our reverence clings to the vessels." Ideas should be instruments, not authorities.

Nobody was as well qualified to link the study of politics to the study

of personality as Lippmann. Not that his thinking would have been very different if Professor Graham Wallas had not come from England to Harvard during Lippmann's fourth year there. But just as Lincoln Steffens had inspired him to stick to the facts, so Graham Wallas had taught him to keep close to human psychology. In 1908 Wallas had published his epoch-making *Human Nature in Politics,* and Lippmann, entering Wallas's Harvard seminar in the spring of 1910, had formed a close and lasting friendship with the English scholar. His other teachers had told him that "it wasn't their business to discuss human nature but to record and interpret economic and political facts." To this, in Lippmann's mind, "Wallas has called a halt. I think we may say that his is the distinction of having turned the study of politics back to the humane tradition of Plato and Machiavelli—of having made man the center of political investigation."

The twin influence of Wallas and Steffens on *A Preface to Politics* is unmistakable. But apart from its being studded with numerous references to the major intellectual currents of the time—Bergson, Nietzsche, Santayana, Shaw, Wells—at least two other thinkers influenced its writing profoundly: one directly, William James; the other indirectly, Sigmund Freud. James, though no longer lecturing, still lived in Cambridge during Lippmann's college days, and he had sought Lippmann out after reading one of his book reviews. Lippmann had long been puzzled by the search for the philosopher's stone, but he learned from James that "we have to be very healthy to love variety." James's psychology, primitive as it was, seemed valuable to Lippmann because it "threw open the gates to the whole landscape of possibilities. It was a ventilation of thought." There is nothing harmful in the temporary nature of ideas, Lippmann learned from the Jamesian lesson, for "God will forgive us our skepticism sooner than our Inquisitions."

James and Wallas illustrated to Lippmann the changing focus of political thinking. But their psychology was really too vague for political purposes and was certainly not sufficiently applied to political problems. It was sheer accident that Lippmann, when he came to write *A Preface to Politics,* could make wider use of contemporary psychological advances. After the experience in Schenectady, he had gone to the Maine woods to do some mental stocktaking. There he shared a cabin with a close friend who, Lippmann wrote many years later, "had been a patient of

Dr. Brill and was engaged in translating the *Interpretation of Dreams* into English. His name was Alfred Booth Kuttner." Lippmann read the translation as Kuttner worked on it and discussed it with him and "began to see how much Freud had to contribute to the psychology which I had learned at college."

So it came that Lippmann anticipated the difficult course of psychoanalysis which soon became the prey of popularization and misinterpretation. Mabel Dodge's lively Fifth Avenue salon just around the corner from Greenwich Village, where Lippmann would soon be one of the "regulars," was admirably suited for the spread of misunderstanding of Freud's theories. Freudian psychology, Mabel Dodge herself has related, "was thought to be just as queer as all the other attempts people were making to achieve some kind of social adaptation." It was on Lippmann's urging that she invited Dr. A. A. Brill, Freud's outstanding American follower, to speak at one of her evenings. Several guests left because they were incensed at Freud's assertions about unconscious behavior. Lippmann may have had this or a similar experience in mind when he wrote, some years later, that precisely because Freud discussed the very nature of human interest and disintegrated the defenses which we set up against a revelation of ourselves, "the challenge is so subtle and so radical that our whole organism seems to concentrate for resistance."

The soundness of Lippmann's use of psychoanalytic findings was confirmed when *A Preface to Politics* was reviewed by Dr. Ernest Jones in Freud's German-language magazine *Imago*. "Books about politics have, as a rule, little claim to the attention of the psychoanalyst," Dr. Jones wrote; but "the present volume is an exception" for two reasons: first, because it discussed, from the psychoanalytic point of view, a general orientation to politics rather than a specific political program; secondly, because its author, strongly influenced by psychoanalytic research, almost always reached the same conclusions as Freudian psychology.

Freud, Lippmann found, supplied a wealth of material to show that "much the same energies produce crime and civilization, art, vice, insanity, love, lust and religion." It is impossible, therefore, "to abolish either with law or an axe the desires of men." Tim Sullivan of Tammany Hall knew this, with his clambakes and dances and handshaking and funeral-going and his readiness to get coal for the family and a job for the husband. Tammany Hall, Lippmann wrote, probably shocking his

muckrake-minded readers, "has a better perception of human need, and comes nearer to being what a government should be, than any scheme proposed by a group of 'uptown good government' enthusiasts." Lippmann could argue, therefore, that not tabooing but redirecting human impulses was the first task of politics. But in contrast to the vulgarizers, he was careful in his estimate of the possibilities of psychoanalysis in social study. For the complexities of politics, he warned, psychoanalysis "is not yet ready. It will take time and endless labor for a detailed study of social problems in the light of the growing knowledge."

IV

Lippmann clearly brought a rich heritage of ideas to the examination of the contemporary scene, and many of his insights were astute and sound. Some critics of his books were confounded. His point of view was not easy to describe. "When one thinks that one has him comfortably classified," wrote an irritated reviewer, "he slips off that particular shelf with an all-important qualification." On the appearance of his second book, *Drift and Mastery,* in 1914, a critic in the radical *Masses* defined its brilliance as not only illuminating, but burning. And praise came from quite different quarters. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes thought it "devilish well written, full of articulation of the impalpable and unutterable, discussing labor with insight, touching the absurd Sherman Act with Ithuriel's spear—not without the superstitions of a young come-outer as to capital, and quoting foolish things about the Courts—altogether a delightfully fresh piece of writing and thinking."

Lippmann probably did not object to either evaluation. The weak point of political discussion, he felt, was not so much that it made for wrong thinking, but that it made for no thinking at all. He would certainly have denied that his contribution represented a "closed system." His first two books were, after all, only scattered milestones among many along the road which America was traveling in the years between the Bull Moose campaign and gradual absorption in the European war. Walter Weyl, one of his future *New Republic* colleagues, published his *The New Democracy* in 1912. James Harvey Robinson's *The New History* came out in the same year. Charles Beard added his *An Economic Inter-*

pretation of the Constitution in 1913. Herbert Croly followed up his earlier work with *Progressive America* in 1914. Different as these and Lippmann's books were in particulars, they all oozed the spirit of the time—an era of optimism and hope, still innocent of the violent disorientation soon to follow. The liberals faced the future with boundless confidence. They had reservations about the actual state of things, but they witnessed change, and identified it with progress. Indeed, the American gospel of optimism seemed well warranted by the immediate outlook. Following the campaign of 1912, many strange and wonderful social measures became legislative monuments to Woodrow Wilson's "New Freedom."

It was the golden age of American radicalism. Liberals and radicals, socialists and anarchists settled their differences by rational argument rather than personal calumny. Mabel Dodge's salon was a microcosm of the American ferment. Here everybody, from socialist to single taxer to birth-controlist to poet, could meet. "Stammering in an unaccustomed freedom a kind of speech called Free," Mabel Dodge has recalled, these people "exchanged a variousness in vocabulary called, in euphemistic optimism, Opinions!" Among the impressive list of her callers were Lincoln Steffens and Jo Davidson, Emma Goldman and John Reed, Lee Simonson and Max Eastman, Francis Perkins and Margaret Sanger, Carl van Vechten and Donald Evans, English Walling and Bill Haywood, Hutchins and Norman Hapgood as well as many others—and Walter Lippmann with his inseparable companion, Alfred Kuttner. "Probably," Oscar Cargill has written, "there had never been such a mingling of art, sex, politics, spiritualism, cold meats, and lettuce sandwiches" as at Mabel Dodge's.

But to Lippmann's taste, too many hangers-on came to Mabel's salon to eat the good supper rather than to find a stimulating outlet for any ideas they might have. And when over the whiskey and soda, or beer and ale, the talk grew too riotous and foolish, Lippmann, seconded by Simonson and Kuttner, asked for order. "You have a chance to do something really creative here," Lippmann told Mabel Dodge; "do try and *make* something of it instead of letting it run wild. Weed it out and order it." There was no place in Lippmann's universe for the drifters and know-nothings. They bored him, and he despised them. There was something Nietzschean in his emotional baggage, and the influence of

the German philosopher, then beginning to permeate the thought of many American intellectuals who reacted against the genteel innocence of the nineteenth century and the aimless brutality of the twentieth, was not lost on Lippmann. His writings were haunted by the spirit of Nietzschean defiance: "The only way to control our destiny is to work with it. In politics at least, we stoop to conquer. There is no use, no heroism, in butting against the inevitable, yet nothing is entirely inevitable. There is always some choice, some opportunity for human direction."

If this was Lippmann's personal philosophy, it reflected, quite accurately, his outward behavior. Hutchins Hapgood, who later on detested Lippmann's attitude toward the war, has recalled meeting him at the Harvard Club, "full of youthful hope for society." Mabel Dodge, who came to appraise men and women with a hard eye, admired his "determination to decide everything himself." She found him "remarkably certain in his judgments, sure of them, and very definite in his speech as well as his outline; and extraordinarily mature for his age." No wonder that some considered his cocksureness as to the possibility of making the world over, if not juvenile, at least dogmatic. Indeed, his at times exasperatingly detached attitude could easily be construed as dogmatic. There was something apparently incontrovertible in a statement such as "there is nothing of Gibraltar about today's hypothesis."

Lippmann, it seemed, had an infinite faith in the value of applying the scientific method to social problems. This is not surprising, if viewed in retrospect. Both the research movement in governmental administration and the scientific management movement in business were part and parcel of the progressive era. Progressivism was a faith, and Lippmann gave it sharp articulation when he wrote that "those who hold such a belief are pushed from behind by what we think is an irresistible economic development, and lured by a future which we think is possible." He revealed the emotional basis of his preference, saying that "creation, even of scientific truth, is no automatic product of logical thought or scientific method." And he was writing with the eye of an artist when he exclaimed that "the object of democracy is not to imitate the rhythm of the stars but to harness political power to the nation's need." But a glittering generality such as this is more characteristic of literary impressionism than of the scientific and critical spirit.

V

Walter Lippmann and Herbert Croly "and some others, are going to start a weekly, *The New Republic,* to which I have subscribed with hope," Justice Holmes informed his English friend, Sir Frederick Pollock, on November 7, 1914, the very day on which the new magazine made its appearance.

Croly's classic of liberalism, *The Promise of American Life,* published in 1909, had come to the attention of Willard Straight, a wealthy businessman then living in China. Deeply impressed by it, Straight and his wife Dorothy hunted Croly up on their return to the United States in 1912. They soon discussed a plan for a new weekly which would apply to American life the political and social ideas that Croly had sketched in his book. They hoped to make it the mouthpiece of those who believed that disinterested thinking and its results in convictions might serve to adjust human beings to their society. Though not intended to speak to a large popular audience, *The New Republic,* in Croly's words, "was expressly designed to avoid intellectual remoteness or presumption. Its expressions of opinion were supposed to recognize the necessities of the statesman or the business man to whom all projects have to be translated into action, and to survive the test of actual conditions and interested opposition." It was called a journal of opinion because "its object was less to inform or entertain its readers than to start little insurrections in the realm of their convictions."

If the new journal was to serve its purpose, it had to become the expression of a group rather than of an individual. From its very beginning, therefore, the organization of *The New Republic* was an experiment unique in the history of weekly journalism. Croly decided to collect a group of people who, though differing among themselves, would constitute "a little society of like-minded equals." And it was a remarkable group of men whom Croly selected, toward the end of 1913, as the first board of editors. Croly himself was a liberal who sought to use the national federalism of Alexander Hamilton to secure purposes congenial to Jefferson had he lived a century later. There was Walter Weyl, more of a Jeffersonian than Croly, whose intellectual stature and political wisdom contributed to the early influence of the magazine. On the literary side there were Francis Hackett, a writer of fine style and taste, and Philip

Littell, whose perceptions were subtle and discriminating. But Croly, Weyl and Walter Lippmann would set the paper's political tone and, as Lippmann said many years later, "explore and develop and apply the ideas which had been advertised by Theodore Roosevelt when he was the leader of the Progressive Party."

The New Republic was, of course, only a drop in the bucket of the intellectual ferment that followed the genteel tradition. In Malcolm Cowley's felicitous words, "one's first impression is of the bustle and hopefulness that filled the early years from 1911-1916. Everywhere new writers were appearing and marching forward arm in arm against the old standards of life and culture. Everywhere new institutions were being founded—magazines, clubs, little theatres . . ." But in this stir of the time the appearance of *The New Republic* was an event. It sounded a new note in intellectual liberalism.

It was almost inevitable that Walter Lippmann should be one of those whom Croly approached with the proposal of joining the new magazine. His *A Preface to Politics* had received such favorable notices that Croly could hardly overlook the young author. If his progressivism was tinged by a modicum of socialism, all the better. For likemindedness on specifics was contrary to Croly's vision of liberalism as a basic, unifying, cultural belief. Croly appreciated the value of being joined by a writer whose quick mind and lucid prose might offset his own slow thinking and rather heavy style.

But there was something else in Lippmann that attracted Croly. Though his own name was nowhere mentioned in *A Preface to Politics,* Croly's influence on Lippmann's work was unmistakable. There was, above all, the fact that Lippmann had taken over Croly's belief that Jeffersonian ends can only be achieved in modern America by Hamiltonian means. There was the same insistence on critical thinking as a prime requisite of politics; the same quest to break through the sterility of contemporary political discussion. There was the same demand that the acquisition of governmental power should not be looked on as the end of party politics, but that it must serve some real human needs. Finally, there was the same attempt to discover a preventive politics which would meet an issue before it becomes acute.

All this united Lippmann with Croly, whose ideas had been the intellectual source of Roosevelt's "New Nationalism." Some of Lipp-

mann's radicalism, Croly probably felt, would fizzle out once their association had seasoned him. Lippmann, on the other hand, could hardly have been expected to resist the opportunity of finding a permanent channel for his ideas as the colleague of a congenial and distinguished group of editors. He was then writing stray articles on various subjects for periodicals like the *Metropolitan, American, Forum* and the *Times Book Review,* but the life of a free-lance writer was certainly not attractive to a man of his characteristics.

While plans for *The New Republic* went ahead, Lippmann finished and published his second book, *Drift and Mastery.* The reviewers called it a work of first importance, and ex-President Theodore Roosevelt compared it in the *Outlook* with Bryce's *American Commonwealth.* It was hardly that, but its dose of unexamined prejudice against Wilson must have pleased the defeated presidential candidate. However, Lippmann suggested some of the concrete possibilities by which desirable social change could be brought about. Not only did he have wise things to say about the increasing separation of management from ownership in industry, almost swallowing the myth of the new management elite, but he anticipated the central issue of our time, the issue on which he would box the compass twenty-five years later—the conflict between democracy and centralized authority. But in 1914 he was hopeful, anticipating the time when the government would be operating the basic industries, railroads, mines, and so on. The futile I.W.W. strikes of the time confirmed his opinion that not weak insurrection, not idealized rebellion, but powerful, organized unions like the railroad workers alone "can stand between America and the creation of a permanent, servile class. . . . Without democracy in industry, there is no such thing as democracy in America."

VI

Many of these ideas and others found their way into the pages of *The New Republic* where they had a much larger audience than Lippmann might otherwise have had. And there is no evidence that he changed them measurably prior to America's entry into the first World War. What change Lippmann underwent as a result of his new association and under the impact of war was slow, almost invisible, yet decisive

for his future. The magazine's journalistic objectives limited his own development. Though *The New Republic* stood for an advanced program of social legislation and for a stern effort to bring corporate greed under control, such as Lippmann had demanded in his books, the struggle of the new magazine was difficult because the implications of its policy were wider than those of the Progressive platform and had even less popular support.

Already in the years prior to his joining *The New Republic,* as we have seen, Lippmann had despaired of the political indifference of the common people. Now his editorship of a magazine which so self-consciously limited its audience as *The New Republic,* tended to reinforce that attitude. When, in November, 1915, the people of New York rejected a new state constitution, Lippmann gave vent to his ire in bitter words which were directed against the ignorant mass, but also against the leaders who failed to win popular confidence.

John Reed sensed, though he could not really grasp, the meaning of his friend's affiliation with *The New Republic.* During their Harvard days he had vaguely distrusted, yet admired, Lippmann's clear logic. Their friendship had deepened afterwards, but now received a jolt. Reed considered Lippmann a renegade because he joined a periodical subsidized by "capitalists" like the Straights, and he wrote Lippmann about it. Lippmann replied with a scathing answer to the effect that when Reed had burned himself out in the radical movement, he would still be useful in his own way. What Reed could not fully understand was how Lippmann's socialism could be reconciled with Croly's national federalism and Weyl's Jeffersonianism. Yet, as Granville Hicks, his biographer, has suggested, Reed

> could see how much the three men had in common. For one thing, they were all realists and rationalists; that is, they emphasized the necessity of accepting the status quo as their point of departure; and they had complete confidence in the power of the intellect—more specifically, their intellects—to solve the problems of the social order.

Reed did not understand Lippmann's complex personality, though he recognized part of it. Both had come to socialism through emotional experience. But from here on their ways parted. Even in his socialist heyday Lippmann had searched his heart, or rather his mind, "as to whether soap and socialism were really middle-class fads." *The New Republic* was

not much more than a month old when Lippmann apparently felt the need for defining his relationship with Reed. Actually, Lippmann revealed more about himself than his radical friend when he wrote that Reed "did not judge, he identified himself with the struggle, and gradually what he saw mingled with what he hoped. . . . Reed has no detachment. . . . He is a person who enjoys himself. . . . I have tried to argue with him. But all laborious elucidation he greets with pained boredom." Lippmann, if we may read between the lines, did judge, did not identify himself, did not mistake hopes for reality, was detached, and brooded over his friend rather than smiled at his eccentricities. Had Reed understood Lippmann better than he did, he might have known that by the time Lippmann joined *The New Republic* his socialism had largely evaporated precisely because its emotional basis had been supplanted for years by a detached intellectualism.

Though Reed may have objected to his friend's connection with *The New Republic* for the wrong reason, Lippmann's decision to join it had consequences which he could hardly have surmised at the time. The necessity of having to grind out, at the short interval of a week, thousands of well-chosen words which would reflect the editors' realism, was certain to dry up the imagination. Lippmann realized it when he said, in a casual book review, that "each of us, I suppose, experiences at some time the nausea of ideas. The language of thought goes stale in us, the fabric of theories and impression seems overworn and musty." Realism in weekly instalments, and particularly in anonymous editorials of which Lippmann wrote his quota, breeds a sense of political responsibility which not only takes itself too seriously, but often is the twin brother of political caution. Bobby Rogers, Lippmann's Harvard classmate who would later tell his students to be snobs and marry their bosses' daughters, discerned this danger and warned the *New Republic* editors not to get "too Olympian. Jove nods sometimes." His warning had some point. As John Chamberlain has said, the *New Republic* editors "had obviously overestimated the capacity of the free-wheeling liberal to harness the energies of various social power-groupings for the achievement of Utopia." But it was a judgment of hindsight from which it is impossible to blame the editors for lack of foresight. Actually, the early *New Republic* presented some of the very best editorial writing of the second decade, and the sanity of its observations and interpretations was vindicated by later events.

Lippmann found his new job congenial and exciting. The editors had set up shop in an old three-story house on Twenty-first Street in New York's Chelsea district. To bring them into as close contact as possible, lunches and occasional dinners were served at the offices. Here, also, the editors entertained visitors from abroad as well as Americans, regardless of their station in life, in order to keep informed and make their magazine a real force in American politics. These early years on the staff of *The New Republic* were among Lippmann's happiest. He "certainly is in fine fettle these days," observed Bobby Rogers; "whether it is the book or a regular job or the responsibility of finishing up the incomplete work of the Creator, I don't know. But I have never seen him happier and nicer."

In August, 1915, Lippmann, though no longer the "mover and shaker" of three years earlier, was still in the forefront of those whom Herbert Croly had enjoined to "stab away at the gelatinous mass of popular indifference, sentimentality and complacency." Echoed Lippmann: "Whatever truth you contribute to the world will be one lucky shot in a thousand misses. You cannot be right by holding your breath and taking precautions."

VII

However, Lippmann had to come to terms with the conflict between the "realism" he now professed and his atttachment to the ideas of the "Younger Generation," for slowly but steadily his institutional connections made such definition inevitable. Early in 1916, he wrote a rather left-handed review of Van Wyck Brooks's *America's Coming-of-Age* which, perhaps, represented the high point of the intellectual insurgence of the decade. "I became more interested in the author than in my review," he wrote; "I forgot to think what to say about Mr. Brooks." Four months later, in a critical article on abstract art, symbolically entitled "The Lost Theme," Lippmann took another step in the direction of a break with the insurgents. Again he stated his bewilderment at the complexity of life in the Great Society, but the way out which he now suggested differed radically from what a belated reader of *A Preface to Politics* might have expected. Lippmann suddenly sought refuge in the

past—"for painters, poets, novelists are happiest when they live in a moral tradition. The lack of it today has robbed them of themes on which to work." It was a line of thinking which would culminate many years later in *A Preface to Morals* (1929).

Those who knew Lippmann saw the change. Some, like Hutchins Hapgood, were vitriolic. "If you sometimes will go down to the Bowery and see the Booze victims," he told Mabel Dodge, "you will see another way in which God manifests himself. God doesn't manifest himself *at all* in Walter Lippmann." Others, like Bayard Boyesen, were critical though more generous. Lippmann, he wrote, "can explain (in rather a cocksure fashion) everything, because he leaves out everything essential." And he continued: "I like him, however, and consider him valuable to the country just as I consider reason valuable; both are correctors, reformers, not creators and formers, and it is not for us to condemn, though so many justly criticize his attitude and activities."

Progress worshipper that he seemed, Lippmann still was sensitive enough to see the shadows which, at the end of the decade, became the dark clouds of liberal disillusionment. The same year, 1913, that witnessed the appearance of his youthful and hopeful first book, also saw the publication of the gloomy Brooks Adams's *The Theory of Social Revolutions.* Adams gave little comfort to the progressives. And it was just his kind of thinking which warned the more intelligent liberals, men like Croly, Weyl or Lippmann, that the aims and methods of the older, morally self-righteous progressivism were somewhat naïve. It explains why *Drift and Mastery,* as Lippmann wrote in its preface, "begins with the obvious drift of our time and gropes for the conditions of mastery." And Lippmann echoed Brooks Adams when he wrote that "the proclamations of so-called progressives that they will jail financiers, or 'wage relentless warfare' upon social evils, are simply the reiterations of men who do not understand the uses of the state." Nor did he expect much from the radicals who "float helplessly upon a stream amidst the wreckage of old creeds and abortive new ones, . . . they are inclined to mistake the motion which carries them for their own will."

Somehow one cannot escape the feeling that Lippmann protests too much. In discovering what appeared to him a paradox of democracy—love of the crowd but fear of the individuals who compose it—he seemed to rationalize his own self more than to postulate a public paradox. He

spoke warm words about Tim Sullivan's clambakes and baby-christening parties, but his whole personal orientation was to escape from the narrowness and ugliness of modern mass culture. To think in grandiose terms became a matter of personal salvation. It was easier then to talk about man as an hypothesis than about men as they really are. It is readily understandable, also, why science as a faith was so acceptable to Lippmann's personality—ill at ease among the crowd, given to assert the triumph of the will, and in need of deference. There seemed to be a deep feeling of personal insecurity which made him despair of the public rather than admit his own inadequacy in concrete political situations.

Lippmann's imagination was fertile enough, of course, to make him see the gap between his own intellectual detachment and the world in which he lived. And he made an heroic effort to bridge this gap. It was just this recognition which suggested to him the necessity of considering human nature as a prime force when thinking and theorizing on the art of government. But in unguarded moments he fell victim to a cold intellectualism. Then he talked, in a somewhat sanguine fashion, of the "disinterested" statesman in contrast to the politician—as if the difference between them were one of kind rather than degree. Or he would write that "instead of telling business men not to be greedy, we should tell them to be industrial statesmen, applied scientists, and members of a craft." In sentences like these Lippmann ceased keeping close to human nature. He then revealed the struggle in himself between the warm humanity which he sought, and the abstract intellectualism which he feared. It was this ambivalence in his character which John Reed had in mind when he asked:

> . . . But were there one
> Who builds a world, and leaves out all the fun,—
> Who dreams a pageant, gorgeous, infinite,
> And then leaves all the color out of it,—
> Who wants to make the human race, and me,
> March to a geometric Q.E.D.—
> Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
> Who would not weep, if Walter L. were he?

Reed put his finger on the temperamental difference between Lippmann and himself, young radicals both. "The human race, and me," he

wrote without hesitation and doubt. Lippmann, by contrast, always seemed to make a studied effort where others would act and speak spontaneously. He unbent only occasionally, as when Mabel Dodge once asked him: "What do you love, Walter?" And he replied instantly: "The living world." But even then his intellectualism shone through. For isn't "the living world" a new abstraction? Lippmann seemed never sure, as John Reed was sure, of being a part of the world he tried to love so much. He had to construct an intellectual bridge first, and before crossing it he had to be certain of what was on the other side.

Lippmann's sometimes humorous, sometimes cynical iconoclasm seemed to conceal another side of his self—a self he dared to face only with apprehension. It was a self beset by bogeys and fears, as when he wrote: "If we could know the inner history of weakness, the timidity of thought, the hesitancy and the drift, we should find in endless cases that the imagination has been blinded and the will scattered by the haunting horror of constructed evils. We falter from childhood amidst shames and fears, we move in closed spaces where stale tradition enervates, we grow hysterical over success and failure, and so by surrounding instinct with terror, we prepare the soul for weakness."

Here are the emotional sources of Lippmann's quest for certainty in his intellectual latency. His ideas were part of the prevailing climate of opinion—critical, skeptical, yet optimistic. But he also seemed fearful, uncomfortable, insecure. Hence his impatience with or near-contempt for the masses; his hardly concealed admiration of power, leadership and order. They compensated for his apparent sense of personal inadequacy.

All this does not invalidate whatever worth his ideas had, nor does it justify his mistakes. But it suggests that his often shrewd insights into politics could only be produced by a personality as thin-skinned emotionally as Lippmann's. It explains the high degree of urgency that marked his early writings. Few of the other insurgents of the prewar progressive era wrote with the same intensity of personal involvement. But when the fervor of those early years had evaporated, when he had established himself, all that would be left was a rather empty intellectual shell—without much life, without human beings, still grandiose and often brilliant, the Walter Lippmann of today.

Lobbyists and Educators

By EDGAR LANE

TIME WAS when the word "lobbying" meant something—usually a quiet transaction involving a paunchy fixer, a venal Congressman, and sufficient quantities of legal tender. But all this has changed, or at least we like to think that it has. Standards of public probity have become more sophisticated, if not basically more exacting; the fixer has given way to the public relations counsellor; and "lobbying" has come to mean that whole complex of practices by which individuals and groups seek to get what they want from government.

Lobbying once meant legislative pressure, and it still does. Mr. Di Salle's anguish is an expensive demonstration of the fact that well-organized groups can still win privilege and protection from legislative bodies which are seldom distinguished for their powers of resistance. But these groups also want very much more than they can hope to get from this Congress or the next. Bigger privilege and better protection—usually expressed in the convenient ambiguities of "Sound Government," "Basic Principles," "Free Enterprise," or "Economic Security"—can only be achieved in the fairly distant future, if at all. How better to pursue the millenium than by winning those to whom it will belong? And where better to pursue it than in the schools and colleges of the nation? It is as simple as that.

The more ultimate a group's political objectives are, the more likely it is that it will be engaged in what it usually prefers to call "educational" activities. Some of these are nothing more than general public relations which have been given a thin semantic rinse in a self-conscious effort to wash away the presumed taint of interest. But for some of these group activities the term "educational" is all too appropriate. The plain fact is that the pressure groups already stand within the classroom door, not by

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invitation but because the door was left unlocked. When private groups can subsidize educators or, that failing, intimidate them; when these groups can measure textbooks for "Americanism" or "collectivist propaganda" and make their judgments stick; when they can write the books on subjects which affect them much too intimately for honest judgment to prevail; when their self-appointed guardianship of the schools is given semi-official status—then they are in education right up to their ears, however narrow their motives, however little understanding they may have of the purpose and meaning of true education.

It is both accurate and easy to say that these groups have a perfect right to do what they are doing. But what happens to schools under pressure, and do we want it to happen? If not, what can we do about it? There are no easy answers here.

That great national organizations are going to extraordinary lengths to remake the schools in their own image is no new discovery, but it is, apparently, a discovery which each generation must make on its own terms. Twenty years ago, for example, there was the Federal Trade Commission's memorable utility investigation to detail the incredibly vast and expensive campaign by which one group sought to blunt the edge of free inquiry in the schools. Teachers were put on utility company payrolls and paid to write textbooks, give lectures, conduct surveys, or just look learned. Research funds were spread around with what should have been suspicious largesse. Social science textbooks were graded solely on their treatment of the utilities and offensive volumes were purged wherever possible. Literally tons of books, teaching aids, and "utility catechisms" were dumped in schools and colleges.

Nor were the utilities the only group to recognize the unique importance of the schools as seed-beds of public policy. Throughout the '20's and '30's patriotic societies and Mayors of Chicago were busy finding pro-British bias in history books and Red wiring in every Teachers' College graduate, and Charles Beard's *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* was a red flag to organized fundamentalism. But the utilities were distinguished from the rest by the keenness of their perception, by the intensity and scale of their effort, and by the entire crassness of their purpose. Where the cause groups were moved by militant snobbism or highly specialized ignorance, the utilities conceived their program strictly in terms of net after taxes. Thus, to Commissioner McCulloch's question,

"The public utilities . . . are going into the schools solely for the purpose of helping their business, aren't they?" Joe Carmichael, director of the Iowa Committee on Public Utility Information, could only answer "Yes."

The most dispiriting thing about the utilities episode was that nobody took it to heart except an outshouted complement of academic Cassandras and, of course, all those other groups whose eyes were opened to the possibilities of the educational approach and whose activities gained in circumspection as a consequence of the utilities' embarrassment.

Outside pressures on the schools have now intensified to the point where a dozen groups occupy the lofty pre-eminence which a generation ago was reserved for the utilities alone. Some of the names and some of the techniques are new, but the underlying desire to lay deep foundations for the political protection of private interests remains very much the same.

Some suggestion of the method and dimensions of the present attack on the schools can be drawn from the work of the House Select Committee on Lobbying Activities which, under the wise chairmanship of the late Frank Buchanan of Pennsylvania, recently concluded an extensive investigation of modern pressure politics. The committee was specifically concerned with pressures on the legislative process. It did not seek out educational pressures, nor did it even summon those organizations which are commonly reckoned as the most active in this area. Yet it found—as it could not help but find—that virtually every group appearing before it had, in its own way, recognized that the classroom and the legislative chamber are intimately related parts of the same political architecture.

The committee rightly treated these group efforts to influence education as only one tactic in the larger struggle for control of our institutional future. But it can be the ultimate tactic, for if it should fully succeed nothing else would be necessary. This involves a curious concession for groups which are often basically authoritarian in purpose and structure: namely, that representative government still works, that what the people think really matters, and that it is therefore a worth-while enterprise to get people thinking your way early. Needless to say, the muddiness of the rationale does not diminish the vigor of the attack.

As was the case a generation ago, the individual educator is the primary and most vulnerable target, and the means of reaching him are legion. The most direct, and for that reason the one requiring the most

adroit management, is simply an appeal to the teacher's reason and argumentation on the merits, at least as these terms are understood by the group concerned.

Now this may mean little more than a group taking steps to put materials in the teacher's hands so that he can make up his mind, shore up his prejudices, and otherwise prepare himself to meet all the questions which are supposed to burn so brightly in the minds of the young. Thus the Committee for Constitutional Government, a titan among the lobbying-political-educational groups of our time, naturally includes educators in that key group of "opinion moulders" to whom its broadsides are directed. The teacher can buy the committee's literature. He can join "Fighters for Freedom," one of the committee's operating adjuncts in which teachers can be "particularly effective." Two dollars makes him a "Grassroots Fighter" and entitles him to "periodic mailings on current issues," to a copy of "Norton's great book" on the Constitution, and to cut rates on *The Road Ahead,* John T. Flynn's moody panegyric to the ghost of Adam Smith.

But as one might suspect, more of this flood of paper is given to teachers than is bought by them (and this holds for most of the other pamphleteering groups as well). The Committee itself is frequently only the instrument in this work of enlightenment; it is only the funnel through which the gifts of other (and preferably anonymous) parties are siphoned. The Committee supplies the books and the educational mailing lists; public-spirited citizens supply the money. It asked one such citizen, for example, to finance the distribution of one hundred thousand copies of *The Road Ahead* to clergymen and educators and offered the special price of thirty cents per copy, far below the usual bulk rate.

The phenomenal circulation of *The Road Ahead*—its critics have called it "The Road to Nowhere"—is a story in itself. Hundreds of thousands of copies of this strange pastiche, to say nothing of millions of reprints of the *Reader's Digest* condensation, have been sent to teachers and other "opinion moulders" by one group or another without either cost or invitation. Cost, indeed, appears to be no real object, and the same or overlapping mailing lists are serviced repeatedly by different groups. Sometimes the source is labelled, sometimes not. One version for teachers bears only the agonized plea (in green ink): "For God's sake, read this and do something."

The Road Ahead campaign is generally suggestive of the means by which axe-grinding organizations seek to place their materials with educators. It also suggests how airily these groups are apt to conceive of honest argument. *The Road Ahead* is, in the proud words of its sponsors, "an angry book." It is also one of the most slipshod and profoundly untrue books of recent times. But it is by no means the only pressure group Bible to assault rather than beguile the teacher's intelligence. From every group under the sun come the pamphlets, the books, the reprints, the manifestoes—all of the intellectual loaded dice which demand of the teacher that he suspend belief and view the world through the window of someone else's prejudices. If it is not *The Road Ahead* it is *The TVA Idea,* or *Labor Monopolies or Freedom.* And for every one of these there are a hundred more, varying in their subtlety and in their fidelity to the facts, but all conceived in the hope that they may leave an image, however fugitive, in minds which should be open to persuasion.

One can cavil at what some groups call honest argument, but it is difficult to deny their right to compete for the educator's attention—so long, at least, as the competition is open and the competitors are honestly labelled. If the murky specimens dredged up by the Buchanan Committee are any indication, it is clear that a large part of the pressure group propaganda addressed to American educators does not begin to meet even these minimal standards.

Beyond these appeals to the intellect, the Buchanan Committee found that the pressure propagandists still seek to exploit the teacher's perennially depressed economic position. Now it is not necessarily wrong for interested groups to subsidize a teacher's summer research, or to employ him to perform duties which may be either superfluous or imaginary. The definition of bribery, like obscenity, hinges in the long run on the susceptibility of the person approached. It is, I think, quite clear that by this test, which is, after all, an ultimate one, the overwhelming preponderance of American teachers remain unbought.

But if it is not corrupting for axe-grinding groups to subsidize teachers, it is at very least an opportunist exploitation of the teacher's desire to go on eating, and at very most an entire subversion of his fundamental mission. This mission is not necessarily to starve to death, although this may be almost literally true; it is, rather, to keep his mind free—not from

belief, which is his right, but from obligation, which is destructive of honesty.

These observations may seem to be more somber than the present situation warrants. Actually, the Buchanan investigation shows that there is far less effort being made to put the educator on the payroll than there was during the power trust's heyday. But though the effort may be smaller and more sophisticated than the utilities' ham-handed approach, it is still significant and the moral implications remain unchanged.

Probably the sleekest example uncovered by the Committee is the "College-Business Exchange Program" conducted by the Foundation for Economic Education, a non-profit organization whose sole stated purpose is "a search for truth in economics, political science, and related subjects." The foundation has for the past four years offered to properly qualified college teachers a number of six-week summer fellowships, paying $400, in one of the 150 business concerns cooperating with the program. In 1950, 69 teachers availed themselves of this opportunity to make an "on-the-spot study of business methods and operations," which the Foundation hopes will "lead to more effective academic research and classroom teaching."

Just what the foundation means by this is not made clear. But then many things about the foundation were not made clear until Buchanan came along. None of the teacher-fellows knew, for example, where the foundation gets its money. The foundation says simply that it is "responsible to no outside person or group—either in government, business, labor, or agriculture." But while it may not be technically responsible to any outside person or group, might it not have some probative value to a reasonable man to know that the foundation derives the great bulk of its funds from a handful of large corporations? Or, put another way, is it likely that industry would continue to support the foundation (at $300,000 plus per annum) if its findings were in any material way adverse to industry's interests (which they are not)? To ask these questions is, of course, to answer them. One might agree that it is proper, indeed essential, that the purposes and functioning of industry or labor or agriculture be made known to those who teach about it. At the same time, to cloak this kind of operation behind a façade of objectivity, however benignly postured, is nothing less than dishonest.

And some of the postures are really beautiful to behold. There is, for

example, the *ex cathedra* pronouncement that the group is not only engaged in educational activities but is so engaged to the exclusion of any other activity. The Foundation for Economic Education takes this position and has a certificate of tax exemption to support it. The Committee for Constitutional Government puts it this way:

> The Committee for Constitutioal Governnment, Inc., regards itself as strictly an educational organization. It attempts to teach the public sound economics and the principles of constitutional government. Its position almost exactly parallels that of the economics department of a college or university.

The best thing to be said for such bland fripperies is that they are entirely false. A pressure group does not become an educational institution by a simple act of will.

Over all, the Buchanan Committee found a distinct de-emphasis on outright money payments to educators—whether these be denominated as fellowships, consulting fees, or research stipends. Today's educator finds himself on the pressure group letterhead more frequently than on its payroll.

Academic people are natural cause-embracers, manifesto-drafters, petition-signers, viewers-with-alarm, and givers-of-free-advice. This professional penchant for intellectual ferment is a wonderful thing in itself, but it can also be a wonderfully easy thing for a group on the make to exploit.

In the first place, it costs the group little or nothing, academic vanity being what it is, to list a dozen eminent economists or political scientists as members of a "Policy Advisory Board," or some such equally imposing and virtuous body. If this list excludes the better-known cranks and grifters (of which our profession has somewhat more than its quota), the group has a potent lever for prying support from other impressionable academics. It is also good public relations in an even larger sense in that it allows the group to borrow the educator's hard-won social respectability before the general public, and at rock-bottom prices. After all, how could twelve Ph.D.'s be biased in the same direction at the same time? Queer but honest, poor but proud.

Thus the extraordinary proliferation of advisory boards, boards of directors, executive committees, and the like, in which the names of educators figure so prominently. Take, for example, just the small, random

harvest of groups investigated by Buchanan. The Foundation for Economic Education included among its trustees for 1950-51 three professors of economics, three deans of schools of business administration, and the president and president-emeritus of two of the country's larger universities. The American Enterprise Association, another self-styled research and fact-finding organization, lists four professors and two deans on its Advisory Board. A professor-emeritus of economics is nominal Chairman of the Committee for Constitutional Government. A Yale professor and a Princeton professor-emeritus serve on the consulting staff of the *Educational Reviewer,* "a quarterly review of educational materials" published for the Conference of American Small Business Organizations. Americans for Democratic Action has a Harvard professor as one of its vice-chairmen and lists six other educators on its Committee of the Whole. The Public Affairs Institute, whose fact-finding mission is largely supported by labor money, numbers five educators among its sponsors.

So it goes with group after group—the rich groups and the poor, the honest groups and the fronts, the *ad hoc* groups and the old-liners—all with a line to peddle, to the educator and through him. He may be active in the group's affairs; more often his affiliation is purely nominal; occasionally it is nothing less than witless. But it matters little to the group whether the educator's interest is a product of genuine conviction or of his irrepressible zest for undifferentiated causes. In either case the group has gained—active support on the one hand, or a respectable testimonial on the other.

The individual educator is probably the principal target of group efforts to influence long-range public policy through the schools, but his importance is proximate rather than ultimate. He can only facilitate the end purpose, which is always to reach the mind of the student, and the pressure group can sometimes do this by itself.

Propaganda through the teacher and propaganda directly to his charges are not necessarily polar alternatives; typically, both are present. Consider, for example, the work of the National Economic Council, an organization which might, in Mr. DeVoto's happy phrase, be located approximately three hundred miles to the right of Chester A. Arthur. This outfit combines traditional lobbying of a more or less cloak and dagger stripe with mass pamphleteering to the inevitable "opinion moulders," which of course includes teachers. But the Council makes its largest

pitch to the schools through the distribution of its literature (and I use the term loosely) to school and college libraries. A wealthy contributor—Mr. Lammot duPont, to take a nonhypothetical example—gives $5,000 to the Council. The Council in turn provides 500 school and college libraries with prepaid $10 subscriptions to its publications. How many students will ever chance across these publications in their libraries is problematical; the effects of propaganda, like education itself, are at best selective and uncertain. But apparently Mr. duPont is convinced that the ultimate returns will be more than enough to make the game worth the candle.

Somewhat less risk is involved when the pressure group can put its materials directly in the student's hands. One such technique was described to the Buchanan Committee by Edward A. Rumely, executive secretary of the Committee for Constitutional Government. Rumely boasted that his organization had distributed to students in the past few years over 600,000 copies of one volume alone (Norton's "great book" again), usually as commencement gifts or prizes given with the aid and approval of school authorities. This operation is largely financed by tax-deductible individual or corporate gifts made directly to the schools but earmarked for the purchase of books from the committee.

The effort to give good, clean reading to the student also unfolds more indirectly. The provision of right-thinking textbooks, for example, remains a staple approach. Of the groups appearing before Buchanan, probably the most active in this area is the National Association of Real Estate Boards, king-bolt of the justly celebrated "Real Estate Lobby." "For years," wrote Herbert U. Nelson, the association's executive vice-president, "we have stimulated the writing of books, and there are lots of texts available." Mr. Nelson estimated that these texts were presently used in 127 colleges and universities for courses dealing with the real estate "industry." Furthermore, the association credits its education department with having itself "established the teaching of real estate subjects" in 66 universities, no doubt using the nice, "available" texts which the association has been "stimulating" all these many years.

This, at least, is a positive effort by a rather restricted trade group to influence the teaching of subjects immediately affecting its interests, and there is a kind of obvious but winning rascality to it—like the sidewalk pitchman's innocent recourse to all the literalities of *caveat emptor.*

But it is hardly representative of the generality of pressures on textbook selection and school curricula. More often these pressures are completely negative in spirit, and they come increasingly from all the "foundations," "leagues," "committees," "institutes," and other general cause groups which have mushroomed so phenomenally since the long black night set in on March 4, 1933. These groups do not confine their interests to the teaching of utility or real estate economics. Rather they are concerned with big, semi-cosmic issues (in which their personal stake can be hidden by a swirling fog of shibboleths). These are the groups responsible for all the ominous twaddle about radicalism in the schools, about Godless materialism, pragmatism, John Dewey, progressive education and the three R's—about half a hundred persons and things of which they are angrily and monumentally ignorant. Subversion in the schools is the key, and the cause groups find it everywhere. They attack it, but without alternatives of their own. The cause group does not write textbooks; it purges them.

Textbook purges are not easy things to manage. As the good, gray Doctor Rumely put it, "The Committee for Constitutional Government carried on a long campaign against the Rugg textbooks. It is a major job to influence the textbook structure of the country." Needless to say, it is a job which any number of groups have manfully undertaken. One of the most effective of these is the Conference of American Small Business Organizations, to which the Buchanan Committee devoted a special report, and its now famous *Educational Reviewer*. This quarterly publication features reviews of school and college texts, the criteria being conformity to the principles of "liberty and responsibility" and freedom from "concealed theories of collectivism." Now these are valuable criteria, but the *Reviewer* seems to construe them far more rigorously than most textbook publishers. By one observer's count, the *Reviewer* has evaluated eighteen textbooks since 1949 and has found only four of them acceptable—hardly par for the course.

The *Reviewer's* conviction that "left-wing educators" are trying to "reconstruct our educational system with the avowed purpose of bringing about a new social order based on the principles of collectivism and Marxism" might be dismissed as so much frightened whimsy. But it is not. The *Reviewer* is the carefully designed instrument of men who know exactly what they want. It is meant to be an action guide, directed not

only to those teachers who "honestly wish to confront with objectivity and intellectual honesty the concealed theories of collectivism," but to parents, school boards, business and community leaders, and "other patriotic groups" as well. Bearing the endorsement of such estimable educators as Fulton Lewis Jr. and the Chicago *Tribune,* the *Educational Reviewer* has already had a significant and restrictive impact. It reflects more than a desire to reach and argue with the student or the teacher. It is a catalyst for all those forces in a community which, for their own reasons, are restive beneath the burdens of free, open-minded inquiry and would have done with it. It speaks for the unvanquished vigilante spirit—practical, suspicious, supremely self-confident, and basically lawless. It is, as Anthony West said of one of its close counterparts, "a weapon a free community can use or allow to be used only at the cost of ceasing to be free." Commented the Buchanan Committee in its report:

> We all agree, of course, that our textbooks should be American, that they should not be the vehicle for the propagation of obnoxious doctrines. Yet the review of textbooks by self-appointed experts, especially when undertaken under the aegis of an organization having a distinct legislative axe to grind, smacks too much of the book-burning orgies of Nuremberg to be accepted by thoughtful Americans without foreboding and alarm.

The argument is clean and honest, but the analogy is unnecessarily distant. We have our own Nurembergs now, such unmistakably American places as Pasadena, where a mob of super-patriots hounded a distinguished superintendent of schools out of office; the sovereign state of Georgia, where 30,000 copies of a decent textbook have been noisily withdrawn from the schools; and metropolitan Washington, where the outcome of a campaign to re-examine textbooks for "Communist influences" is still in doubt.

The committee concluded:

> If [our] educators are so utterly naive and untrained as to need help from a lobbying organization in selecting proper classroom materials, then our educational system has decayed beyond all help. This proposition we cannot accept.

Nor can any of us.

Only two things are incontestably clear about this story of pressure on the schools as told by the Buchanan Committee. First, it is as incom-

plete as a trailer for next week's coming attraction, and this is one of the more sobering things about it. Here was a committee which, whatever its other merits, was basically interested in something else; yet its hearings and reports yield the summary impression of a systematic, comprehensive, and enormously expensive pattern of educational pressures. One can only wonder what the results might have been had the committee deliberately investigated this area, had it asked some of the recognized titans among the educational pressure groups to stand up and be counted. Such organizations as the National Council for American Education, the American Education Association, the Institute for Public Service, Pro-America, and Guardians of American Education would doubtless have had a gripping tale to tell.

Second, this is a story without a happy ending—or, at any rate, an easy one. The Buchanan Committee had no remedies to prescribe, largely, perhaps, because it did not consciously make the necessary diagnosis. Nor is it certain that there are any remedies which would be both tolerable and effective. To begin with, what is the nature of the complaint? Certainly it is not and cannot be that organized groups have no right at least to try to use the educational system for their own purposes. We need not concede that they must always win their point, but when these groups honestly represent substantial interests or ideas, they not only have a right to be heard but a duty to speak. We can no more educate in a vacuum than we can legislate in one.

No, if there is to be a bill of particulars against the pressure group as educator it had better skirt the issue of rights, with which we tamper only at our peril, and rest on the issue of methods. Here there is a substantial case, involving such shoddy intellectual merchandising as vilification, slander, distortion of the facts, misrepresentation of interest, gross and constant assault on the community's intelligence, and all the other accoutrements of the cutthroat propagandist. These are execrable methods, and there is no room for them in any corner of a free society.

But what do we do about it? Short of the laws of libel and slander there are no legal palliatives, nor are there likely to be any in the recognizably near future. It is easy to sketch out a Division of Propaganda Addressed to the Schools (DOPAS), located somewhere within the Department of Domestic Information Control (DODIC) and armed with plenary power to smack down violators of the Federal Propaganda

Code. Do we want this kind of agency or this kind of power? I think not. It is not even a good joke.

There is, of course, some minimal protection for the public in such laws as the Federal Lobbying Act, which requires lobbying organizations to disclose for the public record certain facts about their activities and finances. The presumption here—and it is a good one—is that a maximum of information about such peculiarly public matters as legislative pressure is vital in a democracy, and it is a presumption which could be applied without any strain to educational pressure as well. But it is far from certain that laws like this, inevitably operating short of peak efficiency, can ever provide enough information about enough groups to enough people in enough time to swing the balance in any given situation. Publicity is good in itself, and there cannot be too much of it. The work of the NEA's Defense Commission, for example, in exposing some of the head-hunters attacking public education has been invaluable. Yet publicity alone can only identify the attack, not repel it. Mere knowledge of the enemy is not a strong enough defense.

In the long run, we are left with the integrity, good faith, and plain common sense of the individual teacher, school administrator, and citizen as the most effective counterpoise to those who would establish their own claims for preferment as the one standard of educational orthodoxy. There is great potential strength here, and it is the responsibility of both the teacher and the community to develop it further. To do this, each must first recognize and accept the basic obligations owed the other. The community owes the educator security of tenure, independence of belief, and an honest wage. It owes him the promise that it will not allow itself to be stampeded by the threats and charges of the self-seeking. It owes him a decent respect for his competence and good judgment.

The educator owes the community the clear-headed, open-minded performance of his professional duty. He must not be a spokesman for nostrums, but for an honest method of looking at the world. He owes the community the independence and good judgment which it has promised to respect.

This is a simple relationship but an ultimate one. In justice to all those interests which have not yet found their voice, we should not settle for less.

To Be Born, to Be Born

By JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

To be born in a gray bed,
in the shrieking dark
where the echo cries,
curses and clutches the holey sheet,
curses and dies
in the empty room,
is heard by sleepers turning over,
used to the jungle's doom—
that is the bitter pity
in all the vast, unanswering city.

To be born in a silk bed
with attendants near,
to be fed, to rise
richly, and growing and grown to see
one dwarfed in size
is to be one seven,
the grown child doped long past each bedtime
cursing his evil heaven—
that is the selfsame pity
in all the vast, unanswering city.

JOSEPH JOEL KEITH has published poetry in many magazines—and in India, Australia, New Zealand, England, as well as in this country. He lives in Los Angeles.

A STORY

Dr. Colby and Dr. Wheeler

By DUNCAN JOHNSON

DR. SAMUEL COLBY was Director of Medicine of St. Luke's Hospital, and Dr. Wheeler was his disciple.

It was Dr. Colby's practice to address the senior medical students assigned to his service as clinical clerks upon the third day of their clerkship. He had experimented, over a period of years, with the first day, and the second day, and the fourth day; and he had found that the third day, from many points of view, was for his purpose best. He would address them in his office, and Dr. Wheeler—earnest, pleasant young Dr. David Wheeler, whom Dr. Colby had several times called indispensable—Dr. Wheeler would go in person to the wards to which the medical students had been assigned and inform them that a meeting would take place. (Dr. Colby, sensitive to detail through great experience, used a personal ambassador in preference to the house phone.) The students would assemble in the outer office at two-thirty, they would wait there for approximately eight minutes, then the door of Dr. Colby's office, the inner office, would open, and they would be summoned inside, and Dr. Colby would address them. Dr. Colby never delegated this duty.

Dr. Wheeler profoundly admired these addresses; he could scarcely frame in his own mind sufficient praise for the warmth of Dr. Colby's manner, for the benevolent assurance that rang in his voice, for the something, the whatever it was ("He's dynamic," Dr. Wheeler had often said, "he really is dynamic") that Dr. Colby so powerfully exuded. Dr. Wheeler was sensitive to all this because he had, himself, a cognate task: he spoke a few words to incoming students on the Monday morning of their arrival; and he was quite aware that he lacked the true fire; that he stood to the Director of Medicine in this respect as apprentice to master.

The students came in groups of four, a fresh group of four each

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month, so that out of each fourth Wednesday of the academic year Dr. Colby set aside one hour (he had found mid-afternoon most satisfactory) for welcome and indoctrination. The students would see him at these meetings for the first time. They would arrive in the outer office wary; usually they left the inner office, an hour later, overwhelmed. "God," they would often say, "he's terrific."

That Wednesday Dr. Wheeler went first with his message to the ward where Finley was, because Finley, though only a fourth-year student, was an old friend. Finley and Dr. Wheeler had been at college together. Dr. Wheeler, earnest and a worker, had gone immediately to medical school and had worked, done well, and made a brilliant record; and now he was beginning to rise. Finley had drifted out into various businesses and enterprises and done fairly well for several years but had then decided, although already older than most medical graduates, that it would be best to be a doctor. He had got himself into medical school, and now he was approaching his degree.

"Hi, Joe," Dr. Wheeler said to Finley. He asked about how things were going.

"Okay," Finley said. Finley was dark-skinned and dark-haired; he had very watchful dark eyes. "Okay, Dave."

"That's fine." Dr. Wheeler had an enthusiastic, kindly voice; sometimes it would suddenly strike him that something he'd said had probably sounded too enthusiastic, or kindly. "Look," he said, "the Boss wants you fellows in his office at two-thirty."

Finley looked at him. "You're really the right-hand man, aren't you?"

Dr. Wheeler smiled; he had a bony, pleasant face, not handsome. "Just an errand boy," he said in jest.

"I'll tell the other guys," said Finley.

"No, I'll tell them."

At two-thirty, accordingly, the four students were sitting on uncomfortable little hard folding chairs in the outer office and Dr. Wheeler and Dr. Colby were in the inner office.

Dr. Colby stood behind his big desk, at the end of the room in front of the broad window. He was beefy, and now at fifty-three was beginning to run to blubber about the middle, but it was of no consequence. He had a ruddy, weathered-looking face. Faces are at times called masks, or

inscrutable, but seldom with justice; an unrevealing face, proof against penetration, must be like Dr. Colby's: solid, normal, not frozen and not subject to frivolous change; hewn without nervous subtleties of contour. Dr. Colby's face would have been appropriate equally to a bishop or to a first sergeant.

Dr. Colby was looking over a long typewritten letter, and spoke to Dr. Wheeler without looking up from the page.

"You got the students here, Dave?"

Dr. Colby's voice was that of a well-educated and well-bred man, intelligent, urbane, and virile. His speech was tinged with a pleasant suggestion of Boston, and brightened by tastefully chosen vulgarities.

Dr. Wheeler put his hands in his pockets and elevated himself alternately upon heels and toes. It was only a mannerism he'd grown into.

"They're outside, Chief."

Dr. Colby went on glancing over the letter.

"Got the itch, Dave?" he murmured. Then he looked up and smiled, and became more hearty. "Look as if you've got the itch, Dave. Well"—he tossed down the letter—"let's get 'em in."

Dr. Wheeler opened the door to the outer office and gave the four waiting a nod. They came in and stood awkwardly, clustered some way from Dr. Colby's desk, in the middle distance. Dr. Colby had taken up his letter once more, and once more—after a few awkward seconds—tossed it down. He looked at the four as if casually, and said, "You fellows get a few of those chairs in here, will you?"

The first move was always to have them bring in some of the hard little folding chairs. There were a good many of them flattened and leaning against the wall in the outer office, and once Dr. Wheeler had tried to bring in some and set them up beforehand, but Dr. Colby had said, "Don't bother with that, Dave," so it was always necessary for the students to bring in their own chairs at the beginning of the interview. Bringing in the chairs always caused little confusions and clumsinesses, which Dr. Colby watched stolidly, with a remote patience.

At last the four were seated, and Dr. Colby turned to the business of the names.

The names were always put on his desk on a little slip of paper, and Dr. Colby had a brisk, jovial little game: he would fit the students and

the names together, while he sat behind his desk and shot alert, good-humored glances from face to face. Sometimes there was nothing at all to lead him, and the exercise was not satisfactory. Sometimes there was too much—a single Mediterranean name attached itself to a single Mediterranean face; "Morris Shapiro" on the little list pointed at once to one swarthy, velvet-eyed candidate—and in such cases Dr. Colby might affect inability to make any headway at all.

That day things went admirably. There was in the group an Irish student named Madigan, whose identification taxed Dr. Colby very little; and Dr. Colby was particularly good with Irish names. Since Madigan came from Boston, he occupied a minute or two with light conversation—nimble, jovial, affably offhand—until Madigan became tongue-tied and his face deteriorated into a horrible, humiliating grin.

It was now time to approach the more serious business before them. Dr. Colby leaned back in his heavy chair and looked at his four students.

He said, "You all want to be doctors."

His look became a little sterner.

"Do you want to be *doctors*—or do you want to be slobs?"

Dr. Wheeler, unobtrusive at the other end of the office, watching it all develop as it all always developed, recognized the question—Dr. Colby submitted it to every group—as an important landmark in the progress of the interview, a necessary bridging passage from *allegretto* to *andante;* and recognizing it, feeling for Dr. Colby a respect both warm and ironical, he looked across at his chief and grinned. Dr. Colby met his eye; he looked Dr. Wheeler full in the face; but he did not return the grin. After the slightest pause, he returned to his audience.

Dr. Wheeler marveled slightly, as always. The students had entered the room for the first time seven minutes before, and, in the only really important sense, it was already all over. Dr. Wheeler knew the feelings they'd brought in with them: they were waiting for the moment when they could inwardly jeer and feel disgusted (for they had all listened for years, and without recourse, to hours of the most hopeless drivel); and still each secretly wished to be impressed, and each sternly, even anxiously, watched Dr. Colby, whose position implicitly obligated him to be impressive. And now he had them. He had established—while he talked aimlessly of South Boston, and offered them lifesavers (he had not offered cigarettes for years)—a relationship definite and durable as

a pyramid. It was always, with each group, the same; Dr. Wheeler had never seen it fail. Dr. Wheeler knew as well as anybody the relationship that one in Dr. Colby's position, or one in his own posititon, should establish with students. He knew just how it should be done, because he had had these excellent demonstrations to watch. He knew—because he was in his own way very intelligent, and not without certain discreditable ambitions—a great deal about *leadership,* and the technique of its attainment. It was unfortunate that he was himself not an accomplished practitioner.

The sound of his own name roused him from a slight treason of inattention.

"Dr. Wheeler's heard all this before."

He saw that Dr. Colby was looking at him, and that the four students, a little diffidently, were turning their heads.

"Dave, you don't want to hear me rambling all over the lot again, do you?"

Dr. Wheeler was for some reason at that moment conscious chiefly of Finley. Finley was looking at him in a way that struck Dr .Wheeler—perhaps groundlessly—as oddly watchful and appraising. Dr. Wheeler realized that he felt put out. No doubt it was in part accidental geography: Dr. Wheeler stood, literally though of course not figuratively, with his back to the wall; and from the other end of the room Dr. Colby and the four he was instructing made a single scrutiny. The arrangement might in itself suggest the facing of a hostile mob. Dr. Wheeler felt in himself a slight, inappropriate hostility.

"I'm enjoying this very much," he said. He felt at once that this was both feeble and graceless.

"You cramp my style, Dave," Dr. Colby said genially. And to the students: "Dr. Wheeler has to listen to my chatter six days a week; you fellows only have to put up with it once in your lives. Dave." Just perceptibly, his voice had taken up slack. "You've got better things to do."

Still Dr. Wheeler was conscious of Finley, although Finley only sat watching him in a dark, observant way.

And suddenly Dr. Wheeler answered. "I wouldn't miss all this stuff you put out for anything in the world."

The speech had not been premeditated. Often children playing are brought up without warning at a creek wider than they have ever jumped,

or a hill steeper than their bicycles have ever coasted, and without breaking pace—perhaps because it's all so fast—they leap the stream, or submit breathless, with lowered heads, to gravity; and until the thing is over feel none of the prudence that should have stopped them. Dr. Wheeler spoke scarcely knowing what he was about to say, or how it would sound, or what its effect would be. He seldom spoke like that; in the presence of Dr. Colby he never spoke like that. As he uttered the words he felt the shaky exhilaration that the children feel in the instant before their feet gain the far bank; then his good sense closed in upon him. He had spoken too hastily.

For a man like Dr. Wheeler, never quite unaware that at any moment he may finally, definitively, make a fool of himself, it is dangerous, under stress, to speak out (it is usually with a sudden, vicious spontaneity) the first words that come to his mind. Unused to aggression, he will not prosecute it resourcefully.

There was a silence after Dr. Wheeler spoke. The students, naturally, were silent; their place was to speak when addressed. Dr. Colby was also silent. He stood behind his desk and looked at Dr. Wheeler, impassive and ruddy-faced as ever—so ruddy and weathered-looking that his face seemed almost purple and Dr. Wheeler thought (it was the only coherent thought in his mind), "Polycythemia vera? Could he have polycythemia vera?" Dr. Colby allowed Dr. Wheeler ample time to savor his own rashness. By each second that he prolonged the noncommittal silence he increased the outrageousness of what Dr. Wheeler had just said. It had been in itself a quite neutral remark: in the right circumstances, rightly spoken, it could have been unquestioningly accepted as cordial admiration; or in different circumstances, differently uttered, it could have been the acceptable wisecrack of the loyal henchman. But Dr. Wheeler knew the spirit in which he had spoken, and he knew that the Director of Medicine had a surprisingly sensitive ear. He had spoken in spite. For the first time in three years he had looked squarely at Dr. Colby and (in effect; and spitefully) spit at him.

Dr. Colby at last spoke, his voice quiet and amiable.

"Dr. Wheeler thinks I waste you fellows' time with my little harangues," he said. "Don't you, Dave?"

Dr. Wheeler could not bring himself to speak.

"Well, maybe he's right." Dr. Colby was still very offhand. "I don't

know whether I'm boring you fellows to death or not." He looked around at the four faces kept desperately expressionless. Then he committed the kind of brutality to which men of his sort, in positions of his sort, are recurrently tempted. He said, "What do you think, Madigan?"

Madigan opened his mouth, but did not speak. His ears grew red. He looked helplessly at Dr. Colby, with an abject grin.

And Dr. Wheeler spoke up once more; and for doing so—later, looking back on it—he could find no sort of explanation.

He said, "Careful, Madigan. If you say anything, it'll be wrong. If you don't, it'll be wrong anyway. That's how it goes."

He waited for a moment after he spoke, then gave a little laugh.

Dr. Colby watched him without moving a muscle. He said to the students, "I won't keep you fellows any longer today." He pushed back his chair and got to his feet. The students—awkward, not feeling guilty of anything, yet feeling guilty—with uncertain little scrapings rose from their folding chairs and stood irresolute, looking at Dr. Colby, or at the floor, and then finally for some reason, all together, at Dr. Wheeler. They were quite disorganized. And then they left. The embarrassment of standing mute and foolish in Dr. Colby's office became worse than the hazard of taking unauthorized action and going away; and after an awkward moment they went, straggling out with deprecating glances at Dr. Colby, leaving their disarranged little chairs still standing, the last man out closing the heavy door softly behind him. Only Dr. Colby and Dr. Wheeler were left in the inner office.

Dr. Colby sat down behind his desk. He did not look at Dr. Wheeler, still standing at the far end of the room, but at the blotter before him. Nearly a minute passed. Dr. Wheeler's brief lunacy was over, and he was once more bleakly himself. He gave a quick look towards his chief; then, feeling the heat in his face, took down from the bookshelves behind him an unbound copy of the *Annals of Internal Medicine*. He opened it and stared at the page, looking at the word *desoxycorticosterone*. Then he heard the creak of Dr. Colby's chair, and looked up. Dr. Colby had risen. Without looking at Dr. Wheeler he walked out of the room.

Dr. Wheeler did not see his chief again that day. He passed the afternoon at various useful duties, but he discharged them without his usual absorption or his usual patience. It was not that his thoughts distracted him; what disturbed him could not be called thinking. But just below

the level of thinking there stirred disharmonies as vague as the first intimations of nausea.

The next morning Dr. Wheeler saw Dr. Colby, as always, at nine o'clock in the inner office. Dr. Wheeler went in almost hoping that Dr. Colby would turn and attack him in such a way as clearly to show himself an unprovoked aggressor. But of course the idea was absurd. Dr. Colby said nothing, after his quietly genial "Good morning, Dave," until he had finished looking over four letters, concentrating on the pages with stolid attention. Then he said, putting his letters away from him, "We'll have rounds for the students on D this afternoon, Dave. You can tell whoever has the woman with multiple myeloma that I want her presented."

Dr. Wheeler nodded.

"And Dave, there's something I'd like you to do for me if you would." Dr. Colby looked at Dr. Wheeler with his weathered face expressionless, so close that Dr. Wheeler could notice the slight widening of the broad nostrils as his chief breathed. "Before rounds would you go up and examine her—go over her pretty carefully? Just so we'll have a check. And just put a note in the chart."

Dr. Wheeler nodded.

Each month, with each consignment of students—and in addition to his Tuesday morning grand rounds, his Friday afternoon staff rounds, his informal talks on Saturdays to house officers about heart disease—each month and sometimes twice a month, Dr. Colby conducted his famous teaching rounds for the medical students. Everybody came. The medical students came, pitiable and a little odious in their eagerness; the interns and the assistant residents and the residents came, a little lofty, standing with folded arms; Dr. Wheeler came.

The woman on D with multiple myeloma had been ill for nearly a year, and in St. Luke's for seven months. She would soon die. She was an unpopular patient. The nurses and the orderlies disliked her: "She's pesty," they said; "you do and do for her and she doesn't appreciate one thing you do"; and then they would add, because the woman was dying of a malignant disease and her pain, her unpleasantness, were thereby authorized, and because none would wish to be callous, "Of course she's sick, poor thing." The house staff disliked her: she was ugly, stupid, and surly, and had not responded to medication; but they disliked her more

quietly, not wanting to be aware that patients disgusted them, certainly not wanting to talk about it.

Dr. Wheeler, when he left his chief, went at once to Ward D. The ward was long, with rows of windows in its two long walls and twelve beds lined up at equal intervals on each side. Beside each bed there was a small metal table and one metal chair. Covering the floor there was a dark composition kept sleekly waxed.

Dr. Wheeler looked forward to Dr. Colby's rounds, always, with a little excitement; and that day perhaps with slightly more than usual. He was continually fascinated by the question of technique. Dr. Colby had only two eyes, two arms, two legs; he could say only the same words, make only the same gestures, as anyone else. What his results depended upon—and he got results—was not obvious. If someone else, conducting rounds, spoke his words and made his gestures, could he reproduce his results? It seemed only logical to suppose that he could; yet unreasonable.

That Thursday afternoon the woman was made to look as little unappetizing as possible; she was clean, her hair was combed, her bedclothes were neatly tucked in, her little bedside table was tidily ordered. And at two o'clock, after lunch trays at eleven, and the rest period from eleven-thirty to one, Dr. Colby's rounds began. Various small proprieties were maintained. By the bed at the patient's left stood the medical student whose case she was; by the bed at her right stood Dr. Colby; opening out from the foot of the bed in a little circle were the students, the house officers, the nurses, the student nurses, and Dr. Wheeler—all erect and ready, their faces responsive. The other patients in the ward were quiet, some watching with curiosity, some staring dully at the ceiling.

The woman with multiple myeloma was pale as tallow (her hemoglobin, progressively dropping despite transfusions of blood, had fallen to six and a half grams per cent). She lay propped up on pillows, breathing with sharp, unpleasant little sounds. She was very ugly. She had no intelligence. In every visible way she was an unworthy point of intersection for so much solicitous skill; it was grotesque that tired interns should have to palpate and percuss her, and visiting consultants attentively ask her questions, that technicians in the basement should have to peer through microscopes at smeared drops of her blood, or student nurses paint her buttocks with benzoin and make careful notes in her chart ("Mouth care given"—"Morning nourishment refused"). If it had not

been for her interesting physiology, she would have been utterly useless.

She had been assigned to a medical student named Weedon, the brightest, the quickest, the best of the four. As Dr. Colby looked benevolently from the patient to the student and said, "All right, Dr. Weedon," Weedon began; he knew that for medical students in their clinical training it was important to make nurses say, "He's so good with the patients," and superiors, "That Weedon handles himself pretty well on the wards"; and so he addressed himself first to the woman in the bed, bending over and saying gently but decisively, "These are all doctors who are interested in your illness, Mrs. Kravak; you won't mind if I tell them about it, will you?" The woman looked up at him with a frown, as if she hadn't understood what he said; she turned uneasily to look at Dr. Colby, then, nervously rumpling the bedclothes, muttered something that no one quite caught. It was of no consequence. Weedon, straightening up to face his audience, got down to business: "This sixty-three-year-old white widowed housewife entered St. Luke's Hospital on the fourth of last April with the presenting symptoms of weakness, dyspnea, and constant, increasingly severe pain in the lumbosacral region of about five months' duration."

He presented the case very well. He knew the chronology of symptoms, the dates of laboratory tests, the opinions of consultants; he had the X-ray photograph that showed how her disease had eaten away small areas of bone in the woman's skull, and the reports of those who had demonstrated abnormal cells in her bone marrow and abnormal protein in her urine. Dr. Colby asked probing, dangerously specific questions, and Weedon answered them calmly. It was a very creditable showing, and Dr. Wheeler, always ready to encourage, nodded his approval with a little smile—although he had found an unusual difficulty in keeping his attention focussed upon what Weedon was saying. Dr. Colby merely said, "Thank you, Dr. Weedon; that was outstanding." Weedon made no acknowledgment beyond a respectful "Thank you, sir," but he seemed to glow silently. The curt praise of certain superiors is insidiously, perniciously potent.

Dr. Colby turned to face the group.

"I had a reason for showing you this lady," he said. He spoke in his most placidly genial way; every eye was on him. "Madigan! What was it?"

Madigan hastily unfolded his arms. His face became desperately thoughtful.

"You think it was a waste of time, do you?"—still genially.

"No, I—"

"Do you think I wanted to teach you something about multiple myeloma? Is that it?"

"Well, I—"

Dr. Colby smiled. "Well, it isn't. You can learn more about multiple myeloma than I know myself in the library tonight. And I hope you'll do it. But this lady has had her symptoms for less than a year, and she's sixty-three years old! You're going to ignore everything before that—are you, Madigan?"

"No, sir!"

Dr. Colby then smiled rather charmingly at the woman and bent over and felt her pulse. "You know more about your own illness than any of us can hope to, Mrs. Kravak," he said to her; "did you realize that?" He laid her hand gently back on the cover. The woman looked up at him, studying him with an intent, puzzled expression.

"I feel some better today," she offered.

Dr. Colby returned to his audience.

"A patient is a complete human being—and never forget it. I'm not going to talk to you about electrophoretic protein studies and stilbamadine and the rest of it—you'll find that in the literature." He paused. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I'm not going to talk to you at all. Dr. Wheeler is."

Dr. Wheeler quietly caught his breath.

"Dr. Wheeler has made a special study of this patient, and he's going to talk to you about her—not like a textbook, but like a clinician; like a doctor. Dr. Wheeler."

And as he spoke Dr. Colby withdrew from his commanding position by the bed, as if, by retiring to obscurity in the little circle that now waited for Dr. Wheeler to begin, he wished to abdicate authority, down to its frailest prerogative, in his assistant's favor.

Dr. Wheeler stepped forward.

His heartbeat was a little faster as he faced them and calmly said, "More than half the time, when we prescribe treatment, we don't know what we're treating."

There was a little stir in the silence of his audience, and Dr. Wheeler felt that he had sounded the note with a true pitch and no quaver. Thus, with little surprises, with simple little paradoxes, did Dr. Colby not infrequently begin his admirable addresses; and thus—Dr. Wheeler felt it now with quiet mastery—thus, simply, did Dr. Colby get his effects. Expanding into mild self-confidence, Dr. Wheeler boldly said, "Do you think this means our treatment is worthless?"

His voice at first, a little tentative, had lacked the full resonance of authority; but at the sound of his own rhetorical question (for in all rhetorical questions, it is their only extenuation, there rings for the speaker a false, invigorating cogency) he drew added strength. He faced them squarely. "Finley! How about it?"

There was again the little stir, the barely audible breaths, as if his audience had sensed in the ward a faint, unfamiliar smell, not bad but a little troubling. Finley looked squarely back at him, and for some seconds did not answer; and yet it seemed to Dr. Wheeler that he was not at all embarrassed.

"I never stopped to think about it," Finley said calmly.

"Well, you'd better stop and think about it," said Dr. Wheeler briskly. "Don't you think?"

If Finley had answered at once—whatever he said—things might still have held together. But Finley—watching Dr. Wheeler with cold dark eyes—said nothing. There was a silence, it prolonged itself, and then it had become disastrously long and the whole thing was hopeless.

Dr. Colby interposed gently. "Dave—what is the condition of the patient's heart?"

Dr. Wheeler looked at his chief, at the blank-faced little circle, then blankly at the woman in the bed; he felt internally shrivelled.

And yet an answer to Dr. Colby's question rose quickly and easily, almost automatically: "This patient has a long history of hypertension with one questionable episode of failure six years ago. She's had no angina, and no recent dyspnea. When I examined her this morning I found enlargement almost to the anterior axillary line, a heart rate of ninety-two with regular rhythm, and a grade-three apical systolic murmur. Her blood pressure—"

Suddenly Dr. Wheeler stopped. His answer had spoken itself, smoothly and flawlessly, as if in an unknown tongue made accessible

through the mysterious intervention of divine grace. But all at once grace had been withdrawn. As he mentioned blood pressure the well dried; he had no idea of the woman's pressure; he could not indeed remember at all clearly the very lucid remarks he'd made the instant before about her heart; he was wholly confounded.

Such a thing had never happened before.

"When I took her pressure this morning—"

It was then that it came to him. Dr. Wheeler realized—with a thump of his own perfectly sound heart, and a tingle of horror—that he had been describing the wrong patient.

"Markedly elevated?" came the noncommittal voice of Dr. Colby.

Dr. Wheeler could make no answer. He was overwhelmed by an internal treachery from the dark, vegetable depths of his own nervous system. Whatever reply his keen and logical brain might have evolved, whatever strategy of graceful, even discreetly humorous extrication, was swamped by what was happening to his autonomic nerve endings, by the stormy follies of his smaller blood vessels.

What he finally said was worse than his silence; in a low voice he said, "I got her mixed up with a patient on G."

Dr. Colby allowed the stunning speech time to register in full enormity before he quietly asked, "Did you examine this woman today, Dave?"

Dr. Wheeler had examined her with almost excessive pains. He had examined others as well, the woman on G among them, but none with the determined thoroughness accorded Mrs. Kravak. He had entered a note in her chart that filled two pages. Yet in answer to Dr. Colby's question he said, "No."

He said it out of pride.

"Why not, Dave?"

Dr. Wheeler's cheeks were burning. He was angry, and the odd, half gentle tone of Dr. Colby's question, the circle of eyes watching him, his bitter contempt for himself, increased his anger.

He answered, "Because I don't like being ordered to examine a patient as if I were a rotating intern."

He saw the effect; he felt almost as if he were seeing it separately but simultaneously in each face. His mind, at last, was released and active. He found, as people find for a limited time while becoming drunk, that he was inwardly bubbling with fancies ironical, malicious,

and sparkling; he felt for himself at that moment a confused admiration. For a time, for a substantial number of seconds, they could all of them, even Dr. Colby, only watch him and wait for him to speak; he would dominate, he could be, and effectively, as outrageous as he chose (if he liked he could say something so unthinkable that they would believe him suddenly mad) and Dr. Colby would be unable either to stop him or to diminish the sudden authority of his aberration. He might have done anything.

Undoubtedly it was for the best that his reliable habit of caution, of secretly distrusting himself, did not desert him in time of trial; that (as his decisive seconds ticked out) he did, in actual fact, nothing. His exhilaration ebbed, and he saw his position. Another moment, and Dr. Colby would destroy him; there could be little doubt of it. With certain persons the taking of a liberty is inconceivable—it can be at best but guilty fantasy—and the fear involved is not truly the fear of what measurable injury may follow; it is a vaguer anxiety, a fear of annihilation. It confers divinity, and those hedged with it will prevail; the unhedged pretend at their peril. But obviously divinity must be absolute or it is worthless; it cannot afford, even once, to be exposed as sawdust.

Yet Dr. Colby stayed his hand.

Humiliation came home fully to Dr. Wheeler only later, with the withdrawal of those obscure stimulants that had briefly exalted him at the bedside. Again and again in the waning of the afternoon an inner treachery of thought would carry him suddenly back, to the apex of his exhibition, and the recollection would be so intolerable (its enormity augmented at each return) that it would have to be banished immediately, with no pause for the necessary small distortions, the unconsciously achieved revisions of emphasis, that might have made it after a time supportable. He was smarting, he was full of gall, and to such degree that it was some time before he was able to draw up a crude reckoning and decide to whom he owed what degrees of bitterness. But this gradually passed—for Dr. Wheeler had never harbored hatreds—and he began to reflect. He was not an introspective man; he had had tendencies that way, but he had always kept them under control. He was usually busy, and for years—although he was a sensitive man, given when younger to brooding at times in a melancholy way—he had had no leisure for the useless subtleties of relationships. Yet a strange thing had hap-

pened; had not indeed happened, but had been precipitated with violence by Dr. Wheeler himself (a quiet man suddenly strident, a retiring man suddenly snarling); and so Dr. Wheeler was forced to think, and to think about himself.

He sat alone that afternoon, and that night, later, when he had left the hospital, and pondered. He did not feel easy; something had been tapped that should have remained in its keg. He slept badly.

He went to the hospital next morning at his usual time, but he did not present himself in the inner office at nine o'clock. He felt that the moment would have to come when he and Dr. Colby faced each other alone there, entombed by the heavy closed door in an oppressive intimacy. He was not eager for it. Yet at any moment Dr. Colby might send for him, and he would be powerless. It was a very disturbing thought. It began to occupy Dr. Wheeler increasingly.

Yet the activities of the hospital did not stop, and Dr. Wheeler, useful here, helpful there, here and there almost indispensable, could not evade them. Whatever was at work within him—and whatever it was, it was not important to the hospital; few aspects of Dr. Wheeler were—still he had to make small decisions and resolve small issues, and with an affable manner. The morning passed, and he did not see Dr. Colby. He thought more and more of the interview that was undoubtedly necessary; and principally of its horrible embarrassment, when he would be face to face with Dr. Colby and they were both stripped of the insensitive, indispensable rind that develops between two people who meet daily, to protect each from the naked impingement of the other.

He was not operating with his usual competence when Finley came.

It was another small matter requiring judgment. Each evening two of the four medical students were expected to stay at the hospital, in order to be helpful and to widen their understanding of medicine. This they had so far done with quiet zeal. But at the end of the month there would come the mid-year examinations; they were very important; in preparation for them the students would want (or could respectably pretend to want) all their evenings free for study. And to this end Finley approached Dr. Wheeler. It was a petty matter, but of the wrong degree of pettiness. If it had been of no account at all, Dr. Wheeler could have settled it at once himself, and whether he said yes or no would have made no difference; if it had been clearly important, he could have con-

fessed his lack of jurisdiction without shame; but between lay a poorly defined band wherein it might, or might not, be strictly proper for him to speak.

"I'll let you know tomorrow," he said curtly.

"Okay," said Finley. Finley was not actually chewing gum, but he gave Dr. Wheeler for some reason that impression.

Dr. Wheeler was disproportionately concerned. The rather trivial question of whether medical students should leave the hospital at five o'clock or at eleven could conceivably cause unpleasantness. If he said yes, or if he said no, he might be wrong; and he would be presumptuous. If he appealed to Dr. Colby for a decision, it might show that he lacked a proper initiative. (Persons in positions of subordinate authority face these difficulties.) And of course to go unbidden to Dr. Colby, then, was unthinkable. Dr. Wheeler therefore tried to dismiss the whole thing from his mind, but unsuccessfully. It returned, and continued to upset him. It began to seem that his chief would have to be consulted; certainly Dr. Wheeler shrank from consulting him; but the conviction grew. "He'll have to know," Dr. Wheeler thought; and extravagant fantasies of the interview with Dr. Colby suggested themselves, unpleasantly stimulating.

At three-thirty he knocked at the door of the inner office.

Certainly he did not want to see Dr. Colby; but he was convinced that Dr. Colby would not be there. A few minutes earlier Dr. Wheeler had seen him crossing the inner court of the hospital, and had inferred from this that Dr. Colby was leaving for the day. It was therefore merely as a fruitless attempt to discharge a duty that Dr. Wheeler would knock at his door; there would be no answer. Dr. Wheeler would open the door; he would perhaps spend a quarter of an hour alone in Dr. Colby's office.

He knocked, and Dr. Colby's voice said, "Come in."

He could not quite bring himself to hurry quietly away from the door, and so he entered.

Dr. Colby sat at his desk, with the broad sunlit window behind him; he was writing—writing, it seemed to Dr. Wheeler, in a swift fury of concentration—and he did not at once look up. When he did he sat for a moment holding his pen an inch off the paper, watching Dr. Wheeler.

"Come in, Dave. Shut the door."

Dr. Wheeler did so.

"I need some advice," he at once began.

"What about, Dave?"

"Something's come up," Dr. Wheeler said. "It's not important, but I wanted—"

In his fantasies his own feelings had never been clear, but they had always seemed combative. Now to his surprise he found that he felt desolate.

"I want to apologize," he said. It was the worst thing he could have said, it stripped off in one gesture a valuable outer layer of protection, but Dr. Wheeler said it with a miserable relish, and felt furtively that he had gained an advantage.

"What for, Dave?" Dr. Colby spoke at his gentlest and most resonant.

It was impossible for Dr. Wheeler to name it; he would probably not have been able to name it even if he'd been less embarrassed.

"For yesterday's rounds?" said Dr. Colby.

Dr. Wheeler quickly nodded.

Dr. Colby leaned back with a creak of his padded chair. There was the suggestion that he was beginning to smile, but he did not look at Dr. Wheeler; he looked at his fountain pen.

"Why should you apologize, Dave? You made an unimportant mistake, and you got rattled. You don't need to apologize."

It came as a shock; it was a shock to Dr. Wheeler to see, as he looked back, that what had happened could be thought of like that.

"No," he said.

Or, possibly, that was what had actually happened.

"No—"

But it was obvious, of course, that that *was* what had actually happened. Yet, to him, more obvious that that did not describe it truly, and so he said—perhaps through honesty, perhaps because he refused to see his whole construction razed at a word—"I owe you an apology."

The smile at the fountain pen, by slow development, was growing more definite.

"Dave," said Dr. Colby. "Dave, you tend to be rather nervous." He spoke kindly.

Dr. Wheeler was chilled. "What makes you say that?"

"Oh"—and at last Dr. Colby looked from the pen to his assistant's face—"I've watched you."

Dr. Wheeler felt upset to the most absurd degree. "I'm not nervous."

"Well—" Dr. Colby slightly changed the angle of his head; his smile was now quite kind, like his voice. "I don't say *nervous*. But you get upset."

It was obvious that he did get upset; he said nothing.

"So let's forget about yesterday's rounds."

The silence that Dr. Colby allowed to fall suggested that they were forgotten; that an instant's tribute of lowered head was being paid them, and that in a moment they would be irrecoverably put away.

Dr. Wheeler began to feel angry. He had realized that while he was shut in with Dr. Colby he must consider carefully what he said; but at that moment he spoke without considering at all.

"I realize you're laughing at me," he said. "Do you think I'm too stupid to realize that?"

Dr. Colby's expression changed a little; his smile did not disappear, but it altered. He did not speak.

"I'm realizing a lot of things," said Dr. Wheeler. He looked at the Director of Medicine with conscious, almost exaggerated bitterness.

"What, Dave?"

He saw, of course, the fatuousness of what he'd said; but this perversely increased his satisfaction in having said it—at the same time warning him against appearing, before Dr. Colby, merely stupid.

"I owe you an apology," he said, "because it wasn't an unimportant mistake yesterday, and what I said wasn't because I was rattled."

He was in the no-man's-land between explaining and lying. When he went on, he lied.

"I mixed up those two women"—he planted the heels of his palms on the edge of Dr. Colby's desk, and bent forward to look squarely at Dr. Colby—"on purpose."

Dr. Colby's smile had gone; his face showed no expression at all.

"I did it because I wanted to show you—clearly—" Dr. Wheeler drew a deep breath. "I'm on to your whole racket," he said.

Dr. Colby gathered a quick frown between his eyebrows. He seemed to wait for Dr. Wheeler to go on; when Dr. Wheeler said nothing

further, he made a slight motion with one blunt-fingered hand towards the chair beside his desk.

"Sit down, Dave."

Dr. Wheeler made up his rather unsteady hands into fists—or nervous knots—and sat down.

"I've forgotten yesterday afternoon," said Dr. Colby; "but I'm interested in that remark. My 'whole racket'?"

Dr. Wheeler regretted it. He did not want to try to explain it.

"I repeat," he said, "I apologize."

"I don't want an apology."

The steady, bland look made Dr. Wheeler once more angry.

"I've worked for you for three years," he began sullenly.

"Worked *with* me for three years, Dave."

"All that time I thought—" Dr. Wheeler found that he could not abase himself to tell what he had thought. For three years he had looked upon himself and Dr. Colby as a little unit, smoothly whirring and interlocking (the metaphor of some piece of mechanism had always come most naturally), and feeling their alliance close-knit, effective, quietly faithful, he had in his most private reflections sometimes applied to it words like *partners* and *teamwork*.

Looking steadily back at his chief Dr. Wheeler said, "I understand now what you've always thought of me."

Dr. Colby didn't move and didn't answer.

"You've—"

But he couldn't bring himself to say that he understood, now, that for three years Dr. Colby had looked upon him merely as a ridiculous but reliable convenience. He had been too obtuse to suspect it. That he had never suspected had only (he saw now clearly) made Dr. Colby's amusement saltier. Remembering that he must appear intelligent, he said, "You're a sadist."

For the first time Dr. Colby seemed to find his assistant's words actually contemptible; he made a little movement of contempt with his stolid mouth.

"My 'racket'?" he said.

It was clear enough to Dr. Wheeler. He had never been taken really seriously at the hospital, and now he saw the reason: Dr. Colby had subtly undermined him. Medical students, listening respectfully when

he spoke, still would give the impression that they might at any time begin to smirk; and it was clear—remembering the subtly patronizing way in which Dr. Colby would address him in public—clear why they had.

"Your racket—" he said.

He closed his jaws stubbornly. He would not give Dr. Colby a pretext for laughing at him.

Dr. Colby did not seem disposed to laugh. He picked up a little neurological hammer that lay upon his desk and let its triangular rubber head fall in slow rhythm against his flattened palm.

"Dave," he said. He watched the calm drop of the little hammer. "Dave, the world is full of people like you." He looked up at his assistant. "You're fairly intelligent. You work hard." Dr. Colby shrugged. "Try to accept your own limitations, Dave."

Dr. Wheeler stared at him.

"I don't know what ideas you've got into your head about me. I don't particularly care. But—" He suspended the fall of the little hammer. "Why don't you take a week of your vacation now, Dave?"

Dr. Wheeler drew back a little.

"Understand me, Dave—whatever you've been thinking. I need an assistant; I intend to have an assistant, and a good one. You've worked for me for three years, and you've done a good job. All right. What you think about me is your business, and as I've told you I don't too much care. Whether or not you stay here is your business. But just keep on doing your work"— Dr. Colby drew himself up a little in his chair, and his face settled into very slightly arrogant lines that could have stood as shorthand for all the arrogance ever existing—"and we'll get along nicely."

Dr. Wheeler would not look at him; he looked steadily, with a burning in his cheeks, at the nearby brown baseboard. There was a silence. Dr. Colby was perhaps waiting for an answer. Dr. Wheeler was occupied with an insight.

Neither during the past three years nor during the past forty-eight hours had he accurately assessed his relationship to the Director of Medicine; or accurately assessed himself. While he thought of teamwork and meshing gears he had been foolish; when he substituted his picture of smiling, lazy persecution he had been foolish or worse. Dr. Colby did not

feel affection for him, or dislike, and did not even very actively despise him. It was a moment of internal honesty for Dr. Wheeler—relative honesty—and he felt more bleakly miserable than he could remember. He was seeing himself in a new way, and very disagreeably. He was not (he had liked to try to believe it) like embryonic cells, still able to become almost anything; he was already differentiated, as far as he would ever differentiate, and the good possibilities seemed to have been missed. He would never—and the question of how many facts he might accumulate about medicine had nothing to do with it—he would never be like Dr. Colby. He would never compel people to pay attention to him.

Things stretched out for him at that moment very clear and very gray. He could leave St. Luke's, but he imagined he wouldn't, and he doubted if there would be much point in it. He would stay, and do his work, and he wouldn't like it very much any more.

The silence had prolonged itself considerably. Dr. Colby creaked a shade impatiently in his chair; but his voice became kind again. "Well, Dave—how about it? Yesterday forgotten—closed chapter. Business as usual—firm of Colby and Wheeler." He smiled rather tentatively.

Dr. Wheeler looked up from the baseboard. He felt considerable dislike for Dr. Colby. After an instant he too tentatively smiled.

"Sure. Absolutely."

Dr. Colby watched him rather keenly for a moment; then, as if pleasantly reassured, he seemed to relax. He smiled in a friendly, almost intimate way.

"Okay, Dave."

He did not make it sound like a dismissal; still, Dr. Wheeler felt it was the moment for going. But he stayed in his chair. His calm, unhappy clarity had subsided.

"Okay," he said.

Dr. Colby allowed a moment to pass, during which Dr. Wheeler still made no move to go, and then said with an air that finally sealed away all their talk, "While you're here, Dave, we might look over tomorrow's EKG's."

Dr. Wheeler didn't answer. He was sitting still while things settled slowly into a more acceptable order. His moment that had seemed like insight had left behind it a litter that needed cleaning up. Things were now becoming, gradually, more presentable. There was no reason to

think about himself with so much dejection. He would be able to get along with Dr. Colby, pleasantly enough, nurturing a little contempt for his lack of perception. What had happened was over; and when you got right down to it, not much had really happened. The Director of Medicine had behaved indefensibly; that shouldn't have been surprising. Dr. Wheeler, though perhaps at times rattled, had really come off, in the important respects, rather well. He had met an unjust attack with—all things considered—a fair stamina. It could be thought of as a moral victory.

The Dangers of Literacy

By BAKER BROWNELL

BEGIN WITH CHICAGO. It will serve as an example as well as any other. Chicago in the early days was unencumbered by people who could read and write. Like many another big town, it began without benefit of letters. Literacy was not fashionable around Fort Dearborn, and those who had learned the craft did not use it. Gurdon Hubbard, it is true, knew figuring and writing and with these skills went rapidly ahead in the Astor fur business. Later he went on to hides and meat and became Chicago's first packer. But Chicago in those days seemed to get along pretty well without reading and writing. The craft of letters needed only a few practitioners. Like barrel making, its function could be served in the little community by just a handful. Reading and writing was by no means a universal kind of experience which people had as a matter of course.

Around Fort Dearborn the experience of living was more direct than that. The soldiers chased foxes on the sand spit east of the fort. Ouillmette ran his little ferry back and forth across the river. John Kinzie, a jolly host, played his fiddle in the log house that stood about where the Tribune building now is, and traded bootleg liquor to the Indians. The trappers and traders, Indians and soldiers came and went, and life in the little place probably seemed fairly full and adventurous. Life did not need to have reading and writing or the thousands of advertising men, newspaper men, college professors, promotion men and others of the craft who clutter up Chicago today.

But things change. Literacy is now as common as sweating, while illiteracy is rare. We all read, we all write those odd little marks, and a large part of our life experience consists of looking at or making symbols which represent something else. We are ashamed of being caught unread. We regard the rather high illiteracy in some regions of America as a kind of skeleton in our closet. All of us depend on reading and writing for our

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living. And more than that, it is a vast, substitutive kind of experience that enters almost every corner of our lives. By means of it we live among a thousand things which are not here.

If everybody in Chicago should wake up tomorrow morning unable to read and write, the city would disintegrate in a few weeks. The city would be lost. Still, I think we all recoil at times from our terrible, tiring facility in reading and writing. We shudder at this age of words. We dread this world of symbols surrounding us so densely that we can see no way out. The great city lives by this kind of indirect experience. The people are smothered under it, gasping for one breath of reality and truth, looking for one thing that is what it seems. But I am not coming out against reading and writing. My small son at school shows signs of leading a revolt against it, but I shall not join him.

The universal literacy of today, however, has its dangers. It imposes on us special problems. These were unknown in Gurdon Hubbard's day. Some of the social and human problems that lie behind that reading and writing are caused by the almost violent abundance of means of communication and the vast proliferation of symbolized experience. I shall take up briefly some of these signs and portents in modern writing.

II

Words are like all other inflated currency, the more that are issued, the less each one is worth. This is shown by the growth of what may be called corporative writing. I refer to those composite jobs in writing of which the real author is usually an institution. No writer is responsible for the whole corporative project, but many anonymous writers may have produced fragments of it. The writer or producer, furthermore, does not control the objectives and character of the job as a whole. Others take over.

Corporative writing thus differs from collaborative or cooperative work. In the former the responsibility of a writer is limited and fragmental, or he may take no responsibility at all. In the latter, the writers take full responsibility, jointly and severally, for the whole job. The usual editorial processes, the conferences and adjustments of the city room or the editorial office, however, are not necessarily corporative. They may be or they may not. It depends on the function and responsibility that the writer has in regard to the job. Sometimes a by-line or a signature

is used to indicate responsibility. All corporative writing, in brief, is divided sharply into two segments: One is the technical job of writing; the other, the directive control of the aims and objectives of the job. The writer under these conditions is not an artist but a technician somewhat like a linotype operator. If we assume that members of the professions, such as medicine or the law, are the masters of the ideals and objectives of their own work, it also may be difficult to call these writers professional men.

Corporative writing in modern times has been amplified enormously. Not only is it the voice of institutions, it is a way to multiply that voice in a vast system of mass production. This is directed towards thousands or millions of literate persons but still is kept under centralized control. It has many forms. Most advertising is corporative writing, but so also is the Constitution of the United States. The virulent propaganda that comes from Russia is corporative writing, but so also is the Apostles Creed. The hullabaloo of pressure groups in Washington is corporative writing, but so also is the Pilgrims' Compact signed three centuries ago in the Mayflower's cabin. Corporative writing has its virtues and also its dangers. The problems arising from it are critical in the survival of writing as an art and a profession.

For example, the ghost as a member of a writing corporation is hard to reconcile with professional integrity. He is the nameless one hovering behind many a bright reputation, the bastard of literature who can not or dares not tell who he is. Ghost writing is labelled with some other person's name for the market value of it, the prestige or other spurious profit. The name is important here even to the point of fakery. There is, for example, the case of the member of the cabinet several years ago who had a signed article in one of the popular magazines. When newsmen asked for more data on the subject, he replied that he could not comment until he had read the article.

This sort of thing is not uncommon. From the President down, in either party, it is customary for men in the public eye to give speeches or to sign statements, articles or books written by others without acknowledging even collaboration. In the President's case, to be sure, this is an open secret and no President tries to conceal it. It is also true that some magazines now publish such articles as interviews. But the custom, from polite subterfuge to downright fakery, is still prevalent.

It might well come before the Federal Trade Commission on the charge of false labelling. If a can of beans must be labelled honestly, why not a signed article? Surely those who read have rights as well as those who eat beans!

A number of years ago I was a member of the Society of Midland Authors and for several years served on the board of directors. I never reached the eminence of the presidency, but I was fairly well acquainted with the group. At a directors' luncheon one day I proposed that the society sponsor a study of ghosts in writing. We had, as I remember, about $1,200 in the treasury that we did not know quite what to do with. I suggested that the money be used for an investigation by a scholarly and upright person, such as the critic Llewellyn Jones, and that he make a full report.

I was disappointed, however, to find that my fellow directors took no interest in the proposal. Even Harriet Monroe, who certainly was not lacking in courage, said that the proposal was hardly our concern. Perhaps she was right, or perhaps my proposal was naïve. Still, I believe the point was worth considering. The professional integrity of writers—if there be such a profession—is at stake in problems such as these.

The genius cult is an aspect of corporative writing in sharp contrast to the anonymous labors of the ghost. It does not appear to be corporative writing but often is. Here the individual "genius" is the big build-up in a cult that is highly romantic and psychologically false. I do not refer to the obvious differences in writing ability among people and to the fact that some are greater writers than others. The genius cult is not this but a mass technique in attracting public attention.

Though a man of letters may be privileged to huff and puff now and then, this does not justify a corporative drive to make him an exclusive symbol for sales in that area. He may swell naïvely as an individual into the vast arrogance of the "thing" or the "being" of his genius. He may be mired in himself, bogged down in a concept of his own being as a substantive and ultimate and miss thereby his significance as a functional focus of action. But these need not worry us too much. They are occupational diseases of the imaginative man. They are more or less endemic or chronic, a self-infection by symbols and endless substitutes for action, a self-consciousness that may become corruptive and acute, it is true, but still is a native hazard of the job.

Far more serious is the genius as a cult, deliberate and commercial, built up with systematic skill and money by teams of promoters devoted not to production but to sales. The genius then enters the mass market, becomes a monopoly commodity, and instead of giving diversity, stimulation, richness and humor to the literary scene, helps to impoverish it by displacing all the rest. There are the techniques of puffs and promotions, the claques, rave notices, synthetic glamor; and corporative writing slides indistinguishably into corporative promotion. Only mass sales can maintain it, and mass sales by every possible marketing device and literary adjustment are therefore the object of attention. A mass market and a quick turnover is achieved.

There is also the systematic and disastrous cleavage here between production and consumption. In literature and music, in the sports, in the dance, in humor, the field can be captured, the fashion established, and the market created in this way. It is a centralized market, much publicized, and the commodity is issued at profitable prices for people to buy. Sold there is the star in baseball or the opera, in football or the violin or the bettor's choice in basketball. The dress designer, the overinflated, big-time actor in the movies, the virtuoso on the piano or the tightrope, the orchestra conductor and the flagpole sitter, the professional humorist hiring his gag writers and the man of affairs hiring his ghosts, these are symbols of our corporative art and promotion. They mark the transfer in the arts from the amateur to the cultus of the professional or specialist. Participative action in the arts by many members of the community group gives way to action by a few experts and the mass purchase of the product by everyone else.

The cult of the virtuoso or genius sharply segregates the activity of production in the arts from the enjoyment or consumption, and both production and enjoyment have their respective experts. Within the cult are many differences. There are artists and critics, violent certitudes and rejections, artistic conquests and killings. There are many tastings and rushings about, high pronouncements, cruelties and overdistended praise. But all within this cult are likely to agree in their contempt for simpler, homemade art, where the productive function and enjoyment are joined in a whole and stable life. The experts are tied to the dogmas of perfected execution, and little else counts. They make no concession to human beings. Such folk, sometimes called "the masses," are there to look and

listen, to sit still before great presentations and pronouncements, and pay for the privilege. Unfortunately many of them do just that.

III

These, the ghosts and the virtuosos, the writing corporations, the mass markets and techniques, the propaganda and pressure groups, are some of the stigmata of universal literacy. They raise problems as to the function and efficiency of language itself and of the social organization from which those problems emerge. No one in his senses would abandon the widespread literacy of the modern, western world. Nevertheless, the problems raised by it are serious.

These problems are many, but two of them probably underlie the rest: The extension of literacy and other forms of communication is bringing into human life a kind of experience in which the representation of things is displacing direct contact with them. The other problem lies in the fact that mass techniques of words, the so-called "lines" and "slants" that mask truths or try to create new ones, are changing the effectiveness of words, and indeed making the word itself less functional.

Concerning this decline of the word, Gerald Heard[1] says,

> "The word" was losing in precision and reliability for the better part of the last half century. For precisely as the huge industry of advertising was called upon to keep sales going and found psychological methods of giving mass buying-suggestions; precisely when salesmanship discovered that a clear argument would not sell surplus goods while a "Slogan" would; precisely when women had more money, less occupation and low resistance to psychological appeal; precisely when all the people were taught by Science that the real values were all material: At this very period education could only give a negative answer to the demand for positive advice on the nature of lasting satisfaction. Education could only teach people to have an increasing resistance to all appeal, to all belief, to treat any goal beyond a "healthy skepticism" as "opinion.". . . In itself such a defence was not less dangerous than the attack made by mass suggestion. Together they could certainly destroy mankind. What was required was an integral approach. The critical faculty—which would otherwise arrest all action—must be matched and complemented by a creative faculty.

The decline in the value of the word correlated with the massive increase in the use of it has social implications of profound significance.

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[1]Gerald Heard, *Morals Since 1900.* (Harper and Brothers, 1950), p. 133.

The writer, as well as other users of symbols, must face the risk of debasement of his currency and a social situation in which writing with integrity is impossible. This has already happened to a great extent in Russia.

Meanwhile modern people move more and more into a world of substitutes. The symbol captures them. They surrender to secondary experiences, and life is derived rather than direct. Children watch pictures of cowboys instead of going out of doors and acting like them, or they hang over the bodyless voices of the radio. People read; they live the little marks on paper; they watch the show and see life's inner recesses; but symbols of action are not action. Nor are the vicarious values of the most expert representations of life the same as life itself. When reading and writing replace life rather than enrich it, there is the beginning of disaster.

IV

This disaster is implicit in the vast development of literacy and other kinds of symbolic communication. When symbols begin to replace direct experience and action, when they no longer enrich and redirect living but supplant it, the time has come to re-examine the function of symbols, such as written words, and to ask what limiting principles there may be in regard to them. I shall not try to analyze this complex problem, I can only say that the problem is there and that it arises from the modern facility in replacing things by the symbols of things. This is called indirect or representational experience. No one doubts the importance of this kind of experience, and few would question the extension of it through instruments like the printing press, the radio, the movie, television. It is clear that words or other representational devices are essential to thinking itself, and that their extension through universal literacy or the radio is one of the great unifying and civilizing influences in mankind's career. Few critics of modern society really regret this extension of communication. The very character of the western world is in it.

But the superabundance of this representational experience in each person's life is something else again. He may welcome the extension of literacy to all people, but that does not mean that each person's life should be buried in books. He may accept the radio and television, or modern advertising and other forms of corporative writing as important ways to promote human communication, but he need not surrender to them his

initiative and his ability to create his own experience. He may listen to a musician, or to a critical interpretation of his work, without sitting in silence thereafter, afraid to touch a fiddle, or to sing a song, because experts do it better. His surrender to the experts is the ruination of art. And he may watch a tennis game without taking all his sports thereafter on the seat of his pants. All these things the average person may do for himself; the future of the country depends on his holding the intiative in action and ideas and in doing things himself; but more and more he does not do them. Under the massive outpourings of secondary, ready-made experience why should he make his own? When he can turn on a professional, why should he do it himself? Thus he takes life sitting down, and a culture of the buttocks supercedes a culture of the hands and head.

The trouble in all this is social, and the answer will be social. These vast extensions of communications, power, and organization that we call modernism make no adjustment to the human community. They have ignored the little places. They have forgotten the familiar groups where people live as whole persons and who know one another well. The small, primary groups, in which the freedom and moral responsibility of mankind are founded, are dying out. The intimate and organic function of the village or the family or the friendly neighborhood is supplanted increasingly by massive organizations in which men live as fragments and serve as anonymous functionaries in a great machine. The average man has seen many people today, but how many does he know? With how many people in this entire world does he have a continuing and many-sided relationship? How many are whole human beings in his experience, and he in turn in theirs? The answer is, few or none. Still, the moral responsibility and artistic integrity of human beings have their only sources in that kind of relationship. Art, as John Dewey has said, is the fullness of living.

Thus the answer to the modern problem of the writer is social. Until the written word can be reoriented towards the human community, life will become increasingly substitutive and secondary in experience. Until our communicative interests are directed less towards vast, anonymous extensions and are focussed more clearly in little groups of people who know one another well, the future of the arts will remain clouded and insecure.

The Writer as a Calculated Risk

By LEONARD CASPER

WHY WRITE? The present complex of circumstances answers this question in several voices: men write for a living, or to be known and respected; others write because they have important commentaries to enact, concerned with the problems of people. But the same complex shapes a sound-chamber in which the answers must resound in irony: how does the writer know he is being read? what (not even who) is his public? A check comes; an agent writes, offering to represent him on the New York market; rarely, a review mentions his work; even more rarely, a person he has never heard of is moved to write a letter of gratitude, in care of the publisher; friends make jokes about autographs, and perhaps a few go so far as to care about what and how he has written. So he has succeeded as a writer.

The check means that he has made his living, true; but if living means devoting most of his care and energy to this arm's length process, the terms of his existence are open to question. He is "known," named but anonymous, in the paradox of his profession: he is a name that recurs under magazine titles or on book jackets; people respond to that name with recognition; but if he is more than a name to himself, then he is still unknown. Moreover, the very conditions of his transaction make him too objective about his products, dissociate him from his own past work and rush him into new productions with the same old hope; he cannot abide to re-experience what he has done: nor is this the same as a sense of consummation; it is a bitter taste on the teeth.

Or he can take refuge in the possibility that history will remember him and perspective discover his real importance; or will it be only the highly specialized (and dubious) importance of his product, not of himself, that will deserve listing, space permitting, in literary histories?

LEONARD CASPER's article takes on added significance through its relationship to the work of Baker Brownell. Mr. Casper's "Sense of Direction" was one of three short stories selected this year for reprinting in both *Best American Short Stories 1950* and the O. Henry *Prize Stories of 1951*.

Perhaps worst of all, if he is really concerned with transmitting an art experience which will remain active after assimilation by a reader and will affect future action beyond the author's own, how will he ever be assured that he has succeeded in his concern, except for the few congratulators whom he can observe face to face in the motions they make after their backslaps?

So why write?

Perhaps, since of all his writing situation, the face to face relations have the most reality and therefore are the most concretely rewarding, this very fact should suggest an orientation to the writer. Why not write for just these few? Why become involved in an impersonal atmosphere which in no sense recognizes him as an important self and in whose very impersonality he will find temptation to lose the critical awareness which founds his art? When he examines work that he had admired for the instruments in communication presented for his own use, he realizes now that many times it was not the content that committed him. Then he understands how writing for an audience which never answers tends to focus all the artist's attention on what *does* resist and respond, the art object itself; and so, too often the real paths of communication are between only the artist and his work. He understands then why people who have known his devotion to writing can say, when he is hurt at their hands, "You'll forget me; but at least you'll have something to write about now"; and he knows he has deserved this recognition of his sometime skill at being a writer but not a person. Consequently, if he would escape this segregation, he must write for responsible readers, his face to face companions.

However, the conditions of writing are not necessarily identical with those of the other arts. People dance together, sing together, build together, easily confront one another with pottery or flower arrangements or fabrics for one another's enjoyment and enlargement. But what shall one write, for sharing? Poetry, perhaps—communal ballads, or verse for occasions, or ceremonial odes; however, even these will be most useful if short, so perhaps they can exist best in an oral tradition. Histories? Shall the writer be recorder, shall his public be the future? This has value, but because of its faraway and random effects, its prospect is not exciting, perhaps not enough to induce a man of contemporary tastes to write and care.

And what of the other common forms? Grant that a well-executed short story is not the same as an oral yarn, that every word and suggestive phrase counts and is more tightly controlled in the written story because the medium involves the eye which can take time and pay attention, and that therefore the short story would seem to have value: still there is something (what is usually known as æsthetic distance?) in the very writing out of a story, something aloof and tending to be impersonal, which wants to work counter to the desired face to face relation.

Or: assume that the human community involved is large enough to warrant a community newspaper (and still small enough to provide that close continuity of values and continuum of familiarity which, with Baker Brownell in *The Human Community,* define such a human-structured unity); and that the story can be printed there; assume, too, that the story is important enough, contextually significant enough, to warrant the attention found in reading (the discipline of writing-forms often helps discover remote recesses of content and therefore often justifies the desirability of writing even in an oral situation). Still, practical problems will very likely constrain the format of the printed piece and very certainly the length, and therefore the whole art experience. Why write a novel for the human community? Why write *out* a play? Why write extended satirical essays? Why write at all, when personal conversations or a town meeting might provide just as adequate, and definitely more practical, a communication?

Why, indeed? There should be no assumption that the function of the writer in the human community is a necessary one, a position of sacredness beyond challenge. The conditions of each such community should decide the central needs. And unless a writer serves a need, why should he write? (The need may be totally private, in which case his communication will be strictly with himself: nothing said here is intended prohibitively, to limit the activities of any man by force.)

Before he is a professional, the intended writer must be a man among men: he must have a function in relation to their needs, for his own sake as well as theirs. If family and city context splinter him—as they did James Joyce, for example—so that he cannot live with himself and them at the same time, let him break off the relationship, but not for good; somewhere he must take root again, find a community or *make* one, if necessary, where his identity can be grounded and function

in a human structure, in a holistic comprehension of immediate life. He must participate with whole men, in whatever occupation is important to real solidarity in his small group. It is a fruitless act to recoil from a thwarting environment only to withdraw into specialism, fragmented personality, and abstract relations: anonymity becomes a dead-end resource for the resourceless. But let a man avoid the fictions of life at arm's length, the internal fantasies that are mere substitutes for external actions, let him participate in the work of men whose lives define a coherent experience, and he will be at home and rich.

Then, within this close association, let him decide to be or not be a writer; let him ask what writing will contribute in the way of spiritual depth; and if conditions do not make writing seem a contribution, let him not assume the role. The literary man has been taken too often and too easily as a seer, a legislator *par excellence,* a divining rod in ecstasy; and so whatever has been written has been worshipped as untouchable. Discrepancies between writings or between writing and otherwise observable phenomena have been passed off as sublime metaphor, a difference between levels of reality, or finally as sacred mystery. The facts of life cannot bear such presumptions. Is the writer needed or not? If not, why write?

However, an investigation of need should include remembrance of the details of the experiential process. The art product is not the total process nor the total value derived from that process. A story works on a man as much as the man works on the story. And it is possible that what the story does to the man will be more important than the other way around. Writing, like any art, discovers itself; it is assimilation and shaping, composition. And the man who participates in the fulfillment of writing is formed and organized by his work. Even though, like any effect, this human integration, so basic to the art process, wears off after consummation and needs renewal, still for the time that it lasts it is an important asset to the man involved and therefore to the community which he shares.

David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd* makes a mistake, I think, in suggesting that man's leisure hours are so much more important than his work that man should devote himself to his spare time and meanwhile accept the impersonality of his labor, because he loses nothing in being worked on by machines: there can be no such separation; man is

always involved in a context, and it will be either integrative or disintegrative; he cannot afford to let himself be rolled, stamped, and ground forty hours a week, go home and turn on his identity, and expect to live a unified, happy because consistent, life. So the work of writing is important because it is organizational and because we will assume that it is being entered into only by a man communally rooted whose experiences seek further integration.

Likewise, the need of a community ought not to be defined too narrowly. We can agree with Baker Brownell that man should take a stand among the symbiotic relationships of vegetable life and other animals. But though a calf grows to be a cow and a kernel to be corn, a boy grows to be more than a man: by that I mean simply that the horizons of growth in man are still unknown by location, in the always-only-past experience of man. Proper fertilization of community life is not an easy act to define or evaluate.

Consequently, in view of this fact and of the preceding one concerned with the intrinsic value of the writing process, I suggest encouraging writers to exist in a community which will not necessarily consume all of their products. Brownell's book, *The Human Community,* obviously was not addressed to any single face-public; in fact, perhaps like so many of us, the author too is forced by conditions to stand back when he talks, or to be willing to address his words to a tape-recorder as well as to a "live" audience. Just who is Baker Brownell, for all we know? Yet although most of his readers will know him as only a name and perhaps will never even try to visualize him, inert or in action, still who can judge how much the ideas he has presented have already been assimilated by the invisible audience's future actions? Because these values are available despite anonymity (not, however *through* anonymity), I suggest that the writer be the open end of his community, always working to prevent a closure and conclusion, awakening each consummation to a possibly new season of alternatives reached, even though impersonally, by communication through the writer with other communities, sharing in this way unit experiences and exploring possibilities of inter-unit germination by perspective. (Other such communications will be "inevitable," anyhow, through sharing of the usual forms of commerce: writing is suggested as only one of many such easy connections between localities.)

The only danger will come if, as is now generally the case, the writer begins to shift his allegiance away from his community to his profession, to make such a separation even mentally, or to feel that his "real public" is his unseen correspondents rather than those among whom his own human behavior should be rooted. This is admittedly the calculated risk, but it must be taken, with the hope of making growth possible for the unit-group.

But once the writer is fully assimilated within his own local culture, he will be able to project some of the resultant integrated experience into the lives of other communities through his writing and encourage the possibility of enrichment locally through reciprocal sharing with those beyond. This means that writers will have to take their work more seriously than they now do, since their art will be germinal. It will probably mean that presses will be smaller and that very likely less writing will be done. It may mean that authorship will not be a full-time profession but one of several united functions in the life of a capable man. Importantly, it will mean that the writer will find encouragement to express experience as best he can, because it will be very much a part of him, before and after, and in a sense every act of writing will be an attempt at self-group-improvement: there will be no sense of separation. It means, finally, that the writer will be accepting his part of the responsibility for building and maintaining a working community. All these are challenges.

Also, they are good answers to the question: Why write?

A DOCUMENTARY

That Dwell In Dust

By CHARLES VINDEX

On an October afternoon in 1929 I lost my job, not because of the financial storm that swept the land, but because of a plains blizzard which drove southwest from Hudson Bay.

I had just brought my wife and baby home from the hospital in Plentywood when the autumn haze dissolved into rain which turned to sleet, then to snow. Within a few hours the grim Montana winter burst about us. When its first fury abated, after seventy hours of wild opaque whiteness, the "cat" and "blades" with which our county road crew had gouged all summer at the prairie sod and gravel stood half buried under snow. Power lines were down, roads blocked.

We had been married seven days short of a year. Most of my earnings had gone toward furnishing and repairing the house in which we lived. To provide a winter income we had bought an incubator, hatching eggs, and several hundred baby chicks the previous spring. But horrid white diarrhea had struck our downy flock and scattered it in offensive bedragglement. Now, confused by sudden extreme cold, the survivors ignored the roosts prepared for them, and smothered one another in corners of their shelter.

Early in April our landlord demanded his house. After a week of vain search we moved into a tall, narrow gabled structure eleven miles northwest of town, which had stood for years decaying and gathering dust. It had two rooms downstairs, two above, and a lean-to shed at the back. All windows not boarded up were broken. With the hostile haunted air that grows in vacant houses along with the smells of mold and vermin, it faced south near the northwest corner of a 160-acre wheatfield. Crude trails ran west and south along lanes between taut barbwire; a third followed a single fence eastward to a deep coulee.

Montana, usually regarded as a mountain state, is two-thirds plain.

Charles Vindex has worked as power plant engineer, as editor, and in highway construction. A native of Minnesota, he has spent much of his life in areas west of that state. He wrote the chapter on Butte, Montana in *Rocky Mountain Cities* (W. W. Norton, 1949).

The northeastern counties, its richest dry-farming area, are physically a westward extension of the Dakota prairies. In 1929 farm mechanization attained its greatest momentum here; but simultaneously a long period of drouth began. Combines came in with every freight, but crops failed. Even before the national collapse, this region was economically demoralized. Then prices started their power dive to the impossible level of 25 cents for a bushel of premium wheat.

In the spring of 1930 farmers tried to balance other outlays by doing without help. Many worked from three in the morning to ten at night; a few seemed never to stop at all. The monotonous grinding roar of tractors came to us over the hills at every hour of the day and night, faint or loud and near as the machines changed their relation to countryside acoustics. The road crew of which I had been a junior member was cut to three men, then to two.

Having always had to import manpower theretofore, this region traditionally reserved its most withering contempt for able-bodied idle men. Now it translated the need for work into equally emotional terms. Every man who sought a job, unless he could show some special right to it, was a scoundrel threatening someone else's livelihood. As a seeker for preferment I lack cunning at best; this strange new situation utterly bewildered me. When my last request for work brought me nothing but the scorn normally accorded a horsethief, I think I just quietly curled up and died. At length we found no solution but this: while the sick times in which we lived struggled toward sanity, we must forgo the accepted symbols of security and live on what our labor could wring from such resources as we could discover.

West of the house three stony acres sloped toward the road. I turned what I could of this ground with a borrowed walking plow; in the stoniest spots the plow merely bounded from rock to rock. A spring-tooth harrow prepared the surface further. Then I spent several days digging out rocks, many of them large as washtubs.

We found a small bag of sunflower seeds upstairs, and I planted them about April 20. I also planted some potatoes; but for them it was too early; cold weather came again, and they never sprouted. We soon learned that sensitive things had to wait till near May 15 for planting in the open, but could be started in boxes indoors. Peas, beets, carrots, onions, and the like we planted by May 1.

Meanwhile, lacking paint, we scrubbed the inside of the house with soap and water and changed its colors quite as definitely that way. The softwood floor was almost worn through in places; knots and nailheads protruded. My wife got a sliver of it a quarter-inch long under a fingernail. I removed it with a scalded knife blade, and she went on working while the finger throbbed. I cut the weakest parts of the floor out and fitted new pieces in, drove the nails deeper, tacked strips of linoleum over the worst places. Still the exposed areas were shredded and dangerous.

The wind, which seldom died down for more than a few hours, whipped up dust of uncanny penetrating power. The best houses were not free of it after a violent blow; in ours it gathered thick as velvet despite the wet cloths my wife hung along the edges of doors and windows on stormy days. Cleaning was a task without beginning or end.

A panel had been splintered in the front door; the worn sill left another opening beneath it. From the dust of the garage, which had collapsed in a windstorm, I exhumed the remains of an oak bureau and obtained a heavy piece for a threshold, a light one for a panel. I cleaned out the caved-in cellar and trimmed its walls until we had a neat storage space, then banked the waste around the house to close gaps between its sills and the earth.

Our surviving chickens, less than a hundred, were laying several dozen eggs daily. Local markets paid 12 to 18 cents a dozen for them, in trade. As feed grew scarcer and values fell, while our new chicks grew to usable size, we ate so many chickens and eggs that both became tiresome.

Milk for the baby became an urgent problem. Our funds were nearly gone. Most of our wheat-farming neighbors kept no cattle anyway. At length one, only a mile distant, who owned a cow he disliked to milk because "her teats are so small you can't get hold of 'em," offered us her morning milk if I would extract it myself. She gave two to four quarts, which was enough.

Between the house and the chicken shed was a well 300 feet deep, surmounted by a 40-foot windmill tower. The pump was out of order; without hoisting equipment I could not repair it. I fetched cooking and drinking water from a neighbor's well; for other purposes I hauled it from a coulee dam a mile away or caught the run-off from the roofs. When winter came we melted snow in a wash boiler on the kitchen stove

and in a barrel beside the stove. We kept both full, adding snow as the level sank; when we had a boilerful of water we heated it and poured it into the barrel to accelerate melting there. Steel barrels, once containers for oil or gasoline, were plentiful; I found several blown into nearby coulees, where boys had used them for targets. I soldered metal patches on the small holes and bolted pieces of discarded rubber tires securely over the large ones.

The rationing of water fell mostly to my wife: so much for kitchen uses, so much for baths (taken in the washtub), so much for cleaning the house and furnishings. Even the bindings of some of my books underwent the soap-and-water ritual, for our cheesecloth screens afforded only nominal protection in fly time. Laundry needs were hardest to control. As our garments wore out, washday came oftener; my wife did her rubbing and wringing with an eye on the weather, for if the wind rose and flicked its burden of dust at a wash freshly hung out, she had the whole job to do again. She washed floors with the laundry water, then utilized it once more by pouring it between rows in the garden.

Early in May tiny leaves pushed through the dust of the garden. Under slanting sunlight faint green lines slowly grew into recognizable rows of carrots, radishes, beets. But it rained only twice, sparingly, during the early summer. By midsummer we had eaten only lettuce, green peas, kohlrabi, and pithy radishes.

But weeds grew swiftly. Young Russian thistles spread a rich green mat over the soil. I hoed and plucked; they sprang up among the carrots while I tore them out of the corn. Seeming not to need moisture, they flourished where other plants barely lived.

In June a farmer paid me six badly needed dollars for four days of fence building. The dry soil was so hard that I had to soften it with water poured into shallow bar-holes before I could drive the posts into it with an eighteen-pound maul.

We used every crumb from the table, every blade of grass, every worm from the garden for chicken feed. Even so, most of our hens stopped laying; only the grasshopper infestation saved the flock. It was pathetic but comic to see twenty cockerels advance like a skirmishing party in the shimmer of heat, wings drooping, beaks panting, but alert to dash upon and devour hoppers too drowsy with sunglare to escape.

At harvest time I got more work. Farmers were learning that it was

poor business to cut all grain with the combine and leave all straw in the field to be burned or plowed under, for hay was scarce. Binders moved once more through the better fields; threshing machines roared, coughed, and blew straw into barn lofts. But as the grain around us was harvested, grasshoppers from the fields invaded our garden in clouds and settled so thickly that one could not see between their horrid grey bodies. Before the poison mash I spread could take effect, they topped every onion in the patch and ate many of the globes right out of the earth, leaving only holes lined with the tough skin. They devoured the fleshy bulbs of kohlrabi, leaving woody stems and hollow skins standing like weird cocktail glasses. The most exasperating damage was inflicted on the corn. They did not eat it up, but clustered on a stalk and chewed it off anywhere along its length, destroying the plant without even satisfying their pestilential hunger.

I stripped the ears from the desolated corn and the heads from the sunflowers, and spread them to dry for chicken feed. A neighbor offered me a wagonload of fodder for helping him put up his corn; when I offered this to the owner of the cow I had been milking, he suggested that I take her home to feed. This saved me a daily pre-dawn hike and gave us fresh milk twice a day. But the intent of that jewel among neighbors was even more generous. When I spoke later of returning the cow, he pretended that the care and feeding of this one extra animal would be an intolerable burden to him. Thereafter he pointedly called her "your cow." Not content even then, he proposed that my wife do his baking that winter and brought us, in advance payment, six 98-pound sacks of flour, enough to assure us of bread for a long time.

Our root crop was disappointing. We stored what we needed for the table and for chicken feed; $11 worth of the best potatoes and carrots we traded to a Plentywood grocer. I helped a neighbor dig his potatoes, and received in payment a sack of speltz, another addition to our supply of chicken feed.

Cold weather brought new problems. Our cash income for 1930 had been about $65, a fact so appalling that it did not at all amuse us to be told we were safe from the internal revenue people. We could not buy suitable winter clothing. The things which might have improved the house—stucco, plaster, paint—were as inaccessible to us as to the first settlers.

I fastened and tried to mend loose and cracked weatherboards, and tacked paper along the bases of the walls; then in accord with necessity and local usage, I banked manure around the house to the level of the windowsills. It packed well and was not offensive in cold weather. I weatherstripped doors and windows with bits of wood and cloth. To repair cracked panes, we wired buttons together through the cracks to hold the edges even, then sealed the cracks with tape. Panes broken beyond repair we replaced with sheets of windproof translucent fabric. Fabric also served for storm sash, but stretched with age and weathering, and flapped and bellied infernally in windy weather. The breaks in the living-room plaster defeated us. We smoothed into them the finest clay I could find; it cracked, crumbled, and let icy winds creep through.

The gaps in the walls of the animal shed I mended effectively simply by banking earth to the roof all around the building, leaving exposed only a window in the upper front wall. Into the chinks along the eaves I plastered cow dung, a purely temporary seal; but in a region where oak desiccates and shrinks within a few years, most things are temporary.

Wood is the reverse of plentiful in the Plentywood area; except along streamcourses, there isn't even brush. Under the prairie, however, lie veins of lignite coal varying in thickness from an inch to fifteen feet. Many crop out on hillsides; but good ones are seldom available to the man who digs his own. The one I found, halfway up a steep incline two miles east of us, was only one foot thick.

I tried to mine it by removing one foot of earth beneath the coal, but ended by removing two. Still I had to work in a difficult kneeling and crouching attitude. When my head touched the ceiling, cold grit showered down my neck. Often a handful of sand rattled down without provocation—not a reassuring thing, for driblets of debris often announce a cave-in. Swinging pick and shovel in a space three feet high and three feet wide was so hard that, despite my better judgment, I found myself widening the tunnel. To avoid this I dug chambers alternately to right and left beyond narrow openings. Up to a diameter of seven feet, such rooms seemed safe while new. I was never present during a cave-in, though I sometimes found blocks weighing hundreds of pounds cluttering a room in which I had worked earlier.

Getting out a ton of this coal was a bitter twelve hours' toil. It meant cramped muscles, bruised arms, flayed knuckles. I broke the coal down

with a bar after removing as much of the earth beneath as I could reach with the pick. At first I shoveled the waste directly out; later it required repeated handling, as I drove deeper into the hill; finally I threw as much as possible into abandoned workrooms. I carried the coal out by the block or by the tubful, according to size. Loading was almost as oppressive as digging, for I had to leave the wagon or sleigh at the foot of the hill and trudge up and down, slipping, sliding, and being wrenched about.

In February, 1931 the temperature power-dived from summery readings to forty below zero in a single night; the wind mourned around the house. With the kitchen range and the barrel-bellied heater glowing red, the house remained cold. On the second day I made two trips on foot to the mine. Each time I carried home a large block of coal in a sack on my back, smaller chunks in a bucket. The path up from the coulee was coated with ice; the wind met me at the top with the spiteful authority of a whip. Every few hundred feet I had to shift my burden to vary the strain; at each stop I swung my arms violently to restore circulation; and almost before I could get the sack over my shoulder my hands were chilled again.

That night my wife wore overcoat and overshoes while washing dishes at the kitchen stove.

After the storm I helped a neighbor store ice. For a week I walked three miles before breakfast, and ate by the dusk of a kerosene lamp. All day I cut blocks of ice measuring 27 by 27 by 22 inches. I started each stroke with both hands held out directly before my face. Slanting the saw toward me, I moved it downward; but before I could bring it low enough to use my weight, I must push outward, and with straight arms lift the saw for a new stroke, for the water was shallow and striking bottom ruined the saw. If I stopped for breath, the saw froze in. The unique motions, even without the load of saw plus friction, would have been tiring. A day of the actual work left every muscle so tremulous that I could not lift a cup of coffee without spilling. After supper I helped pack a tier of blocks into the icehouse, then walked home, did my chores, and collapsed into bed.

I would have said this was the hardest a man could work for $1.25. A year later I did the same job for 75 cents a day.

My wife's tasks included such drudgeries as hair cutting, which she

dreaded more than the severities of scrubbing floors. After midwinter she taught me to knead bread and wash clothes; but she continued her hardest job, the preparation of three meals a day from materials which grew more dismayingly limited as the months wore on. The only variety possible lay in the choice of forms and combinations in which to serve the same carrots, potatoes, parsnips, beets. Green tomatoes were transformed into mince pie; a mixture of several vegetables finely chopped became by some miracle a hauntingly delicious sandwich spread.

One problem had been to keep our scanty furniture and floor coverings so disposed as to protect our little girl from contact with the rough boards. She began to walk before winter, but had still to be prevented from sitting down to rest or play on the chilly floor. On merely cold days she played on the bed; during severe storms we kept her wrapped in blankets. She took it all good-naturedly, and weathered the winter like a veteran.

That spring we were actually hungry. The cow (named Pocahontas because she had been a life-saver) dried up. Our chickens, again on short rations, neither thrived nor laid; by April only forty remained. We ate bread without butter, vegetables flavored only with salt, and an occasional jackrabbit or scrawny chicken. As if luck were wholly against us, Pocahontas wandered away to calve. I found her among the breaks near Plentywood Creek, her udder nearly bursting with milk. The calf had vanished.

The winter's light snow seemed not to thaw but to evaporate without moistening even the topsoil. Throughout spring it rained not a drop. But how the wind blew! The soil of neighboring fields swept over us in dense black clouds and pattered like sleet against the windows. Large but weightless thistles scurried across the fields or bounded into the air like living things. They lodged high in the windmill and formed solid walls in fences. A screaming gale often tore out miles of such fence and dragged posts, wire, and thistles far across the fields.

I shoveled manure thickly on the garden, beginning with that banked around the house, and made a hotbed using fabric-covered sash. Eggs had fallen to six cents a dozen, but we scraped together enough to buy a few packets of seed. To get more I peddled our last vegetables in Plentywood. I borrowed a sulky plow and plowed the garden, then spaded up an additional quarter-acre near the well.

At 3 a.m. on May first, I took my wife to the hospital in a neighbor's car. When I got back to town after returning the car to its owner, our son was two hours old.

Any mother of two small children can arrive at my wife's problems thereafter by squaring the sum of her own. We had, for example, no new clothing for the boy; everything he wore was either taken over from the older child's layette or adapted from things never designed for such service. Luckily he was a sturdy fellow who, like his sister, accepted life with minimum fuss.

That summer our weather-consciousness developed into almost a sixth sense. Seeds lay in the dust unstirring until the wind blew them away. I planted more. We paid anxious attention to every puff of cloud that crossed the staring hot sky; noted every change of direction of the lightest breeze; kept hoping for a good stiff blow from Hudson Bay. When the wind went down and the sun set in a rosy glow instead of greyly behind a somber curtain of dust, we heartily resented this ancient sign of fair weather. If distant evening lightning flickered along the horizon, we tried, by sheer will, to compel the rain to reach us.

We had replanted several of the previous year's carrots, parsnips, beets, and rutabagas in an effort to raise seeds. The carrots and parsnips produced very well. Meanwhile our 1931 crop of carrots failed utterly. I had planted ten long rows; only a few plants ever came up. Most of these withered in the wind or were destroyed by young hoppers. Six reached a puny maturity.

A friend gave us five turkey eggs, of which four hatched. Our chicks and poults got through the early summer chiefly on milk, bread, and scraps. In June we used the last of our flour. For weeks we ate coarse cakes made of corn ground and reground in our own hand mill. Our young birds subsisted on insects.

Wells were going dry all over the prairie. Knowing that ours was deep and had staying power, two neighbors helped me repair it in return for water for their cattle. That saved us. I fitted up a conduit of bits of pipe, garden hose, old inner tubes, and wooden troughs, and pumped tons of the blessed fluid into the garden by the well. To the larger patch I carried it in pails, a severely limited method of irrigation.

With ropes, chains, and swivels I had made a long tether for the cow. When, late in July, all grass in the yard and along the fences was

gone, I moved her to a weedy strip of fallow land east of the buildings. Badly stunted stuff was cyanogenic that year, and I dared not tether her except where the weeds showed some degree of freshness. Suddenly one evening it rained—so hard that the coulees ran like rivers. For twenty minutes after the sky cleared, the rush of water echoed among the hills. Almost overnight the scorched grass turned a rich green.

One final smashing disaster rounded out that trying summer. For two days we noticed army worms on roadside thistles; then, as if by plan, they attacked in force. They crawled so thickly over fields, yards, buildings, that it was impossible to avoid touching them. Wriggling food offered itself to our half-starved chickens in such abundance that they watched it with every sign of satiety and boredom. When their instinct to move on relieved us of the repulsive creatures, they left desolation behind them.

Much of the year's scanty, ruined grain was cut for hay. Farmers who had no grain put up thistles. Cut before their sharp spines hardened, then stacked green and salted, the thistles cured in the stack and proved edible. Incorrectly harvested, they became very prickly; cattle ate them unwillingly, with gingerly rolling motions of the tongue and jaws. Their prussic acid content induced severe colic in horses. I helped several farmers put up such feed, then cut some for our own use.

The garden yielded 15 bushels of potatoes, only 7 of other vegetables. I put 63 half-grown celery plants in the cellar, where, lightly sprinkled, they produced pale, well-flavored stalks all winter. We had 10 ripe eggplants, a triumph at our latitude in such a year, and 300 pounds of immature melons, squash, and pumpkins, which we baked for chicken feed. Our sunflower heads were small, many of the seeds marrowless, but the sweet corn produced mature ears. Chicory, a rank experiment, yielded half a bushel of fleshy white roots. We sliced, dried, and roasted them, then ground them to a coarse powder. As we had no coffee, my wife brewed chicory alone, a bitterish drink but better than none.

We still hoped to raise everything we needed for food—except salt, of course, and sugar, perhaps. We tried to make sugar from beets, but obtained only dark, bitter sirup. We hoped to make shoes and mittens of home-tanned skins and to limit clothing purchases to textile fabrics. I did make bootees and slippers of pieces of sheepskin. My wife made attractive dresses from low-priced mill-ends; her old ones she made over

for the children. My clothes became things to marvel at. Small patches patched large patches, and larger patches covered all; these in turn were spotted with smaller patches until Joseph's coat of many colors wasn't a patch on my shirts. When all strata of a garment wore out, my wife tore them into strips and knitted them into thick warm rugs with a pair of needles I made of a heavy wire barrel hoop.

In utilizing odds and ends I believe we went our pioneer forebears one better. Waste of many things was common on the frontier; for us any waste at all was stark felony. Of odd bits of metal, leather, wood, and what not we made a child's crib, various garden and household tools, and innumerable repairs. Once I went too far: I half-soled a shoe with a piece of tin cut from an old oilcan. Every time I stepped with this shiny sole on snow or ice, I sat down with a promptness never before attained by man or hookworm.

In November a storm damaged the windmill so severely that I had to remove the vanes. This rendered the well useless once more, for it was physically impossible to pump from such a depth by hand.

I made a crude heater from a 15-gallon steel keg, two lengths of 3-inch pipe, and a grate of iron bars and heavy wire, and set it in the large wooden water tank. It burned lignite with enough heat to melt the snow I shoveled into the tank, and saved us much of the previous winter's work with snow in the house.

That winter I was employed only one week, when I cut ice for 75 cents a day. The house seemed colder; during storms we had to keep hot ashes and a lighted lantern in the cellar to protect our precious vegetables. Our chickens huddled in corners and died. Somehow we saved the turkeys. As spring approached we traded for a tom, for we felt that turkeys, with their superior ability to "rustle," would be easier to raise than chickens. We also had to consider means of renewing Pocahontas' milk supply. Our concern with these problems impressed our little daughter. One day, when a neighbor dropped in, she gravely inquired: "Mummy, is Ray Stoner he or she?"

With spring came tentative signs of improvement. Considerable snow had fallen, the dry ground had not frozen, and water from early thaws soaked in. I built a series of low dams across the slopes of our garden; water spread out along them until the center of the patch

resembled the terraces of a hot spring. The soil almost audibly sucked it down.

I got permission to cultivate ten acres, and enough work to buy some seed. Then the Red Cross issued seed corn and beans to almost everyone in the region. We planted all our potatoes, set out the roots we had saved for a further try at raising seed, and lived on bread, milk, beans, and mush made of home-ground corn.

Nineteen thirty-two was by no standard a good year. Cutworms menaced growing crops; some farmers had to plant their cornfields twice. But things grew despite cutworms, despite the continuing plague of hoppers and army worms. Knowing now what was too difficult or costly to produce, we raised few chicks but as many turkeys as possible. In the garden our mainstays were corn, potatoes, and carrots. Of other seeds we planted as much as we had or as space permitted. The vine crop was the surprise of the season. Pumpkins grew so large that our scales would not weigh them; the total crop certainly exceeded three tons. We stored them upstairs, in the cellar, in the living room. We piled them outdoors. We ate pumpkin pies and pumpkin butter; fed pumpkins to the cow, the chickens, the turkeys; gave pumpkins away. Still we had too much.

During the summer I got several brief jobs. The pay was a dollar or less for a ten-hour day until harvest, when it rose to a dollar-fifty. One neighbor without money paid me in wheat valued at twenty-five cents a bushel; that solved the problem of bread for a year. Another paid me partly in cash, partly with a half-grown pig, partly by letting me use his horses and wagon for hauling.

We were by no means overprosperous during our penultimate winter on the land. Through the coldest months we had no eggs or fresh milk; indeed we lacked many things. But we had plenty of bread, almost every kind of vegetable of our latitude, fodder for the cow, a pig to slaughter, a few turkeys to sell. And we had hope and a plan. We and our neighbors had begun to take the measure of the Depression. We had proved that if the breadth of a man's shoulders and the nimbleness of a woman's hands are not salable for cash, they are not therefore valueless; that so long as one has something others need, it is not essential to jingle coins.

We felt strongly that it would be better, for the children's sake, to return to a job and conventional wages; but that if we must remain on the dusty soil we need not despair. Hard work and intelligent adjust-

ment to experience could not fail to improve our situation by removing handicaps, perhaps one by one, and supplying lacks, perhaps one by one. After seventeen years off the land, we see no reason to think we were mistaken.

In the spring of 1933 we found a better house, a larger bit of land, and a pasture for Pocahontas and her new calf. A year later, road construction began near Plentywood, and I returned to the work I had left in 1929. For three weeks I walked ten miles to work and ten miles home again; then we moved to town for convenience. We have never been back to the land.

When we see foodstuffs selling at jet-propelled prices; when we buy a single rutabaga and pay more than we once received for a bushel; when we perform miracles of computation to keep the cost of maintaining life within the bounds of our ability to pay—then, sometimes, we wonder whether the land even exists any more.

Since 1934 we have lived in several localities and have owned three different homes, all urban or suburban. Our children have grown up entirely in towns. Our daughter is music director at a radio station; our son is a university student, wondering whether the Army is going to draft him or defer him on the strength of his scholastic standing, which is high—and so, for that matter, is he; he stands six-foot-three on a clear day. They barely remember Plentywood and the dusty land where their lives began.

I doubt that those hard years influenced them at all, though it may have given them a keener sense of the family and its capabilities. For my wife and me the effects are clear-cut. We learned so well to get the most out of everything that the rule necessarily applied to our inner resources. We became shy of other people during those patched and shabby years, but towers of strength to ourselves and each other. We learned the comradeship of warriors who fight and get licked and win together. Because we know hardship so intimately, we probably dread it more than less experienced people could. Yet, if we were to return to that kind of existence—and there are times when we long to do just that—I believe we should do whatever seemed necessary, and do it altogether better.

Unravished Groom of Quietness

By DAVID M. SANDER

he is dead now, absent of all pain,
dropped face down and pressed into the sand
along the shore.

the water nearly covers him
and then uncovers more of him again
so that his body seems to sob and slightly shiver
as the tide lifts in.

not all life has left; for on his legs
between the salt and khaki pants
cling sea lice. and, beneath,
where both his knees and chin scoop pits into the sand,
the grey crabs sit
and blink
and hold a drop of water in.

gone, yes. except the portion memory confiscates
for ghastly exhumation
(the picture on the mantle, living on,
to answer what you ask).

only his wish needs lie inviolate.

the crabs have reached the bone. if crabs be sorry
so these are, for he—the last of his dead regiment—
    is gone.
yet all good things must end.

how good it is that he is gone, being gone; for now
he cannot lift the seashell of the years
and hear
how silent his death sounds.

DAVID M. SANDER is a Chicagoan.

Books - - - -

D. H. LAWRENCE

Journey With Genius: Recollections and Reflections Concerning the D. H. Lawrences. By Witter Bynner. John Day, 1951. $4.

D. H. Lawrence & Human Existence. By Father William Tiverton. Philosophical Library, 1951. $3.

The Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence. By Harry T. Moore. Twayne Publishers, 1951. $4.50.

Witter Bynner disliked D. H. Lawrence. He disliked what he read of him in 1922 except for *Sons and Lovers* and *Sea and Sardinia.* He found him not an "engaging or coercing writer," and *Fantasia of the Unconscious* and *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* alienated him. Yet he opened his Taos house to the Lawrences their first night in New Mexico, asked to do so by Mable Dodge Luhan. And this was to be his first and last hospitable act toward a man with whom he was to spend some time in 1922 and 1923, a man from whom he received always affectionate letters.

Bynner may have expected Lawrence to behave with the conventional manners of an English intellectual, if not like a miner's son. He was shocked by Lawrence's impatience and bluntness, his male dominance over Frieda. He was a "bad baby masquerading as a good Mephistopheles." Still, he knew he had bumped into a genius, the most striking literary personality of the century. At once he wrote down his impressions, "letters" to himself, the epigrams and old-maidish shiverings which he was to preserve for twenty-six years, all in justification of his envy and malice. Never does he admit any error of memory. His hate is still a-bubble in his inkpot and the passage of time is a distance no greater than the heat of the moment.

So high the pile is now of these egotistical and impressionistic books by those who beat their wings, however briefly, within reach of Lawrence's flame. Curious and entertaining books, Bynner's is the first to seem as tedious as it is dull, miserable and carping and peevish as any that ever confounded the supposed good taste and judgment of a publisher. Lawrence's last unburied enemies will share this opinion; his admirers will find Bynner's rehash of old anecdotes and his warped and angry subjectivity too distorted to merit contempt.

The serious student of Lawrence can only agree with Lawrence himself, who said to Bynner's face, "But you don't understand me . . ." Lawrence may have winced as he said this, as Bynner reports. We can understand why.

Bynner is of little service in interpreting for us the events of the

most interesting period in Lawrence's life, the years in Mexico when he was writing *The Plumed Serpent.* Not what Bynner "thinks" but "knows" of this time would be valuable material. As Harry T. Moore points out in his book, which is one of the first complete studies of Lawrence and his work, "Lawrence stressed passion not because he believed in passion but because he believed it should be brought into balance with intellect." It is necessary to point out that Lawrence repeated his message in "various ways, and in combination with other ideas, through most of his work." *Aaron's Rod, Kangaroo* and *The Plumed Serpent* indicate a phase, what he called his "savage pilgrimage," a time when he was concerned with the problems of mystical-political leadership. The Fascist tinges of this period faded out when Lawrence left America. He abandoned political and leadership ideas and returned to sex and religious experience as the root-impulse which must be restored.

Lawrence was always testing himself, testing his mind by the catalysis of emotion. He had to do this. He was not a "thinker"—he distrusted philosophy and was alienated from life, from feeling, when his intellect advanced too far ahead of his basic "natural" awareness of self, of what Father Tiverton calls his "is-ness." Rather inconsistently, I think, in view of Father Tiverton's sympathetic insights, this priest of an Anglican religious order remarks, "It was a pity Lawrence had had no philosophical training . . . with it he would have found it easier to distinguish between mere subjectivism (which he frequently seems to present) and subjectivity, which is what his novels show to have been his genuine position." This would perhaps seem to be a negation of a previous statement that every novel has a "philosophy" behind it, indeed, that novelists *are* philosophers.

So much emphasis has been placed on Lawrence as a personality—and his personality is so dominant in the expressionism of his novels, their characteristically modern romanticism —that the task of reading and evaluating the novels as novels seems impossible. Again, it is characteristic of Lawrence that he tried everything, that he tried too much, that he diluted himself, working with poetry, plays, essays, books of travel and criticism. No single form ever seemed to "fit." Always, as Father Tiverton is so acutely aware, little of Lawrence's best writing is the kind that seems to be that which in the conventional sense is "for effect, but a way of seeing the togetherness of things: and thereby, also, a way of trying to restore the relation between things sundered."

Both Moore's book, because of its attempt to make a complete study, and because of its use of manuscripts not previously examined; and Father Tiverton's, because of its stimulating tolerance of Lawrence's "unorthodoxy," are valuable for the serious reader and student. Moore is pedestrian, his museum pace and schoolmaster's interpretation of Lawrence's poetry often unnecessary, but his is the first complete study and the scholarship is a service, if only in its quotation of unavailable materials.

Father Tiverton is really something of a surprise. He writes,

> If the Christian 'myth,' as a real operative element in our collective culture, is dead, it is Lawrence who felt this most deeply and agonizingly: and it is he, too, who had seen most clearly that if it is ever to be recovered it will be, not by programmes or research, still less by moral exhortation, but by resurrection.

This is more than tolerance; it is good criticism. And Father Tiverton indicates the opening to a most significant study of the modern period, an ambitious attempt to comprehend the literature of the "resurrection" theme as we find it in Joyce and his "epiphany," in Eliot with his themes of regeneration and salvation. In these possessions the literature of our last fifty years has its apparent unity, and Lawrence, for all his faults, either as a writer or as a person, cannot be reduced in stature.

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THREE WORLDS

Nones. By W. H. Auden. Random House, 1951. $2.50.

Montage of a Dream Deferred. By Langston Hughes. Henry Holt and Company, 1951. $2.00.

The Double Root. By John Holmes. Twayne Publishers, 1950. $2.50.

The various configurations of values expressed in these three groups of poems can be arranged in order of their closeness to, or departure from, the sensuous surfaces of life and common shared experience.

Langston Hughes' evocation of feelings, scenes, and figures from Harlem life lies closest to the deceptively simple and seemingly discontinuous happenings of everyday life. As a medium suitable for the transmission in concentrated form of the kaleidoscopic imagery and contrasting moods of Harlem life, he has modelled different portions of his sequence after the forms of "jazz, ragtime, swing, blues, boogie-woogie, and be-bop." In juxtaposition, these swiftly changing styles with their sudden shifts of key, pitch, and tempo give rise to intermittent dramatic contrasts and intensifications of feeling resembling those elicited by music. Moreover, it is in keeping with Hughes' emphasis on the everyday and the impermanent that discontinuity is basic to the structure of the sequence; in particular, it suggests the disjointedness of much modern urban existence, Negro or otherwise. Yet this Negro world to which Hughes admits us seems a closed world, autonomous and set apart from the influences affecting those in the city life outside. There is no awareness here of what is happening in the even larger world beyond the city. Despite Hughes' insistence on the themes of care in this little world, there is something of romantic color in his images, as if an American were writing about Arab life in a North African medina. But

more important than this it is an awareness of inferior social and economic status, a feeling of being different and having different interests that insulates this little world from the larger one. And it is largely this awareness and feeling that gives unity to Hughes' work.

The Double Root by John Holmes reveals a world to us at some distance from the more simply accessible world of protest and pathos of Langston Hughes. Though the sensuous surfaces are abundantly evident, they show the careful rubbings of reflection and etching by anxiety. The tenseness expressed by Hughes in jazz, swing, and be-bop rhythms, in anger against "white men," is paralleled in Holmes' preoccupation with Time. In "Self Portrait" the poet confesses "clocks madden him," and elsewhere: "he consumes himself breathing every day's hours and air." In "Time and My Father's Cousin" he evokes the shade of a boyhood idol who was a collector of clocks and hands of clocks. In his long "Water Poem" he struggles to find in the water's impermanence a permanent force, to discover the stream's energy at its source. The image in which his sense of a permanence in things finally expands is that of the tree, the "double root," its crown of leaves exposed to external accidents, its roots embedded in the autochthonous earth. The air of these poems is more tranquil than the atmosphere of *Montage,* and there are fewer persons here where "Montaigne's Pate" is extolled. Only the figures of the poet's family and relatives, and a few momentarily illuminated strangers enter the focus of the poet's awareness. Here in New England we are nearer to nature, divinely permanent nature:

> Here where I live, wind blows old elm trees' shadow in the street lights,
> And moon climbs to get above ragged clouds these September nights.
> In the daytime, in autumn, children blow by in gusts, like leaves
> Running nowhere in a wonderful hurry, the way a yellow curtain moves.

Unlike Hughes' world without a past, oriented toward the future by a "dream deferred," this world is one in which the past and the timeless predominate: boyhood, ancestors, trees, wood, water, and stone. The awareness of self and nature, and of time running through these and between these gives unity to the variety of themes appearing in these poems.

With Auden's *Nones* in hand we enter a world of divination in the midst of Heraclitean waters. His "In Praise of Limestone" begins:

> If it form the one landscape that we the inconstant ones
> Are consistently homesick for, this is chiefly
> Because it dissolves in water.

In time and space too this world is even more removed from the present visible one; the locale of many poems is Italy, and there are repeated references to ancient Rome. Of the three worlds it is nearest the metaphysical, and in keeping with its concerns, the forms and sounds of its words are related to chamber music as Langston Hughes' language patterns are related to jazz forms. Auden's world is the

loneliest of the three worlds, the one in which the sense of estrangement is strongest: from others and from the timeless world of nature. Nowhere does there seem any anchorage here, neither in God nor man nor nature; everything is in suspension and every poem is a trial of the poet's sense of balance above the abyss. Each poem is a mobile suspended in the void. One of the finest pieces in *Nones* entitled "Prime" is a magical expression of the interval between sleep and waking, when

> Without a name or history I wake
> Between my body and the day.

Of these three poets Auden's detachment is the greatest, his existential dichotomies and dualities most numerous and defined: human words and animal dumbness, sleep and waking, detachment and involvement, permanence and change. And man, who finds himself at the point where these oppositions intersect, is divided within himself:

> All, all have rights to declare,
> No one is man enough
> To be, simply, publicly, there
> With no private emphasis.

There are few poets who are warier than Auden of those conventional schemata of thought and perception that dim our eyes and understanding for the fresh and unexpected meanings of experience. Accordingly it is appropriate that his word-cunning should be the most elliptical, pregnant, and orphic of the three poets. His wit is all the sharper when with words sharpened in the angelic contest he wryly appraises the contemporary as in "Footnotes to Dr. Sheldon" and in his Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poem.

In the compass of these three books we are given an experience of three different worlds, each with a different principal focus: socioeconomic status, family ties, and solitary gnosis.

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PLAYS AND PLAYSCRIPTS

An Enemy of the People. By Henrik Ibsen and adapted by Arthur Miller. Viking, 1951. $2.50.

The Country Girl. By Clifford Odets. Viking, 1951. $2.50.

The Play: A Critical Anthology. Eric Bentley, ed. Prentice-Hall, 1951. $2.75.

No play is complete as a playscript. It is only brought into true perspective in the third dimension of staging. But when the produced play is published it invites comment as a literary composition. Arthur Miller's adaptation of Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People,* and Clifford Odets' *The Country Girl,* whatever their validity as theatrical offerings, are not, it seems to me, literary pieces of much stature.

Doesn't Arthur Miller do a fundamental disservice to one of Ibsen's lesser plays to give it what is called an "idiomatic adaptation"? True, Wil-

liam Archer's literal translation is dull to the modern ear, but does it help matters to have Dr. Stockmann speaking in the New Yorkese of Willy Loman? Lovers of Ibsen want Ibsen, I presume, and not a timeless, placeless, and pale substitute. In reading Miller's play I can find no improvement on Ibsen. Indeed the main objection to Ibsen's play is more apparent than ever—the hopelessly artificial, stock situation out of which the action develops.

What was "vivid and stinging" about Odets' *The Country Girl,* "written with pitiless integrity," to quote Brooks Atkinson's review of the theatrical offering, seems to have evaporated from the published script. It seems to me that Paul Kelly and Uta Hagen, playing the leading parts, gave more to Odets than he gave to them. Another disservice is done here to the theatre by Odets' contribution to the all-too-general impression that people in the theatre are hopelessly neurotic, sentimental, degenerate, or incapable of coping with *real* life. The *deus ex machina* resolution at the climax of the play is a patent fraud such as a second-rate novel could hardly palm off, and it is one of the miracles of the theatre that the skill of direction and of playing could have deluded an audience into thinking they were witnessing a genuine human experience.

By contrast, *The Play: A Critical Anthology,* by Eric Bentley, is a lively selection of representative works from dramatic literature. In addition, Mr. Bentley's introductory and summary remarks on the plays have the authentic ring of a first-rate critic. He offers an excellent formula for the evaluation of any play, and after demonstrating his formula with *Cyrano de Bergerac, The Importance of Being Earnest, The Miser, Twelfth Night, Othello, Antigone* of Sophocles, adapted by Jean Cocteau, *Ghosts,* and *The Ghost Sonata,* he offers the reader the opportunity of trying his hand at the trick with *Death of a Salesman.* The formula consists of reflective remarks about plot, character, style, theme and general philosophy of the literary work.

An interesting handful of dust is thrown into the eyes of the neophyte by offering him a number of conflicting reviews of Arthur Miller's play by such distinguished critics as Brooks Atkinson, Ivor and John Mason Brown, Eleanor Clark and Frederick Morgan. Eleanor Clark's discussion of *Death of a Salesman* is particularly valuable. To me her remarks were the finest critical reviewing in the entire book.

An appendix reprint of Professor Erwin Panofsky's essay on "Style and Medium in the Motion Pictures" is followed by some tiresome and distorting hair-splitting.

There's an odd discrepancy between the dust-jacket blurb and the text. Promise is made of "Arthur Miller's own opinions on the nature of tragedy," probably an essay I remember appearing some time ago in the Sunday New York *Times,* entitled "Tragedy and the Common Man." But in the book the essay fails to make its entrance.

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DESIGNS FOR GENERAL EDUCATION

The Idea and Practice of General Education. By F. Champion Ward and others. University of Chicago, 1950. $3.50.

Essays in Teaching. Harold Taylor, ed. Harper's, 1950. $4.

These two volumes written by members of the college faculty at Chicago and Sarah Lawrence contribute substantially to the growing literature on general education at the college level. Both reveal a deep concern for a solution to this complex problem and each seeks to find an answer in terms of the particular design to which each institution seems fully committed. There are superficial similarities in that both reject the survey approach; both emphasize that students should learn to think for themselves and hence put emphasis on the process of thinking rather than coverage of content; both agree on the desirability of using small discussion groups rather than lectures as a technique of instruction; but more important, and relatively new in higher education, is the emphasis both place on improving the quality of teaching.

It is in the basic differences rather than in their agreements that the two reports are significant. Each elaborates in some detail the theoretical framework behind the design. The individual chapters, written by teaching members of the faculty, attempt to indicate how this theory is implemented in relation to selected academic areas. The Chicago report shows how, through careful experimentation and testing, the design of their program has changed since its inception. Stress is placed on the processes of rigorous thinking and research and how these processes are applied in relation to the problems faced by the different academic disciplines. Careful selection of original works replaces the textbook. A syllabus is provided to guide the student in his work. Comprehensive examinations designed by an independent staff of examiners provides a check on mastery, enables the student to proceed at his own pace, and divorces the final evaluation from the instructional processes. The material and sequence of study are set. Attention is given to the structuring of discussion through having the instructors pose the questions or problems which through their pooled experience seem to offer the best opportunity to secure the interest and attention of the student and direct the discussion.

The Sarah Lawrence faculty start with the feeling and attitudes of the student and attempt to develop critical thinking about these both through suggested reading (like Chicago stressing primary sources rather than textbooks) and through discussion. Courses are loosely structured to allow maximum experimentation by the instructor and his class. Participation of students in planning courses is stressed. There is no set pattern or sequence of courses. Students with their advisers work out individual programs and

these include participation in community affairs as well as study. Comprehensive examinations are deliberately avoided. Warm interpersonal relations between faculty and students are sought as an integral part of good teaching.

For the serious layman or young instructor entering the field of college teaching this conflicting solution would be most confusing. The books are designed primarily to describe a program. The student must go beyond their pages to orient himself to the philosophical position each reflects. He must likewise search elsewhere for the psychological and sociological data through which to evaluate the methods used. Both argue strongly for a position, but neither gives evidence by which to evaluate its programs. We do not know whether the critical thinking stressed at Chicago has greater or less carry-over than the emphasis on attitudes and value judgments stressed at Sarah Lawrence. Elementary and high schools can evade this issue by evaluating the relative success of students at the next higher level of academic instruction. To some extent colleges can use the graduate school in this way. But colleges concerned with general education must eventually verify their theoretical and operational program in terms of the quality of their total alumni. Until we know in what way this education contributes to the competence and effectiveness of students in their personal life and in their role as citizens during and after graduation, we have no way of evaluating the programs presented. If these two reports, through setting forth their conflicting patterns, can stimulate interest in research in this area, they will have served a most useful purpose.

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